HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. III.—No. 123.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859. [Price Five Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK I.
RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER I.
THE PERIOD.

IT was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had every thing before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State preserves of loaves and fishes that things in general were settled forever.

It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favored period, as at this. Mrs. Southcott had recently attained her five-and-twentieth blessed birthday, of whom a prophetic private in the Life Guards had heralded the sublime appearance by announcing that arrangements were made for the swallowing up of London and Westminster. Even the Cock Lane ghost had been laid only a round dozen of years, after rapping out its messages, as the spirits of this very year last past (supernaturally deficient in originality) rapped out theirs. Mere messages in the earthly order of events had lately come to the English Crown and People, from a congress of British subjects in America; which, strange to relate, have proved more important to the human race than any communications yet received through any of the chickens of the Cock Lane brood.

France, less favored on the whole as to matters spiritual than her sister of the shield and trident, rolled with exceeding smoothness down hill, making paper-money and spending it. Under the guidance of her Christian pastors, she entertained herself, besides, with such humane achievements as sentencing a youth to have his hands cut off, his tongue torn out with pincers, and his body burned alive, because he had not kneeled down in the rain to do honor to a dirty procession of monks which passed within his view, at a distance of some fifty or sixty yards. It is likely enough that, rooted in the woods of France and Norway, there were growing trees, when that sufferer was put to death, already marked by the Woodman, Fate, to come down and be sawn into boards, to make a certain movable frame-work, with a sack and a knife in it, terrible in history. It is likely enough that in the rough out-houses of some tillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris there were sheltered from the weather, that very day, rude carts, bespattered with rustic mire, snuffed about by pigs, and roosted in by poultry, which the Farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrils of the Revolution. But that Woodman and that Farmer, though they work unceasingly, work silently, and no one heard them as they went about with muffled tread: the rather, forasmuch as to entertain any suspicion that they were awake, was to be atheistical and traitorous.

In England there was scarcely an amount of order and protection to justify much national boasting. Daring burglaries by armed men, and highway robberies, took place in the capital itself every night; families were publicly cautioned not to go out of town without removing their furniture to upholsterers' warehouses for security; the highwayman in the dark was a City tradesman in the light, and, being recognized and challenged by his fellow-tradesman whom he stopped in his character of "the Captain," gallantly shot him through the head and rode away; the mail was waylaid by seven robbers, and the guard shot three dead, and then got shot dead himself by the other four, "in consequence of the failure of his ammunition," after which the mail was robbed in peace; that magnificent potentate, the Lord Mayor of London, was made to stand and deliver on Turnham Green, by one highwayman, who despoiled the illustrious creature in sight of all his retinue; prisoners in London jails fought battles with their turnkeys, and the majesty of the law fired blunderbusses in among them, loaded with rounds of shot and ball; thieves snipped off diamond crosses from the necks of noble lords at Court drawing-rooms; musketeers went into St. Giles's to search for contraband goods, and the mob fired on the musketeers, and the musketeers fired on the mob; and nobody thought any of these occurrences much out of the common way. In the midst of them, the hangman, ever busy and ever worse than useless, was in constant requisition; now stringing up long rows of miscellaneous criminals; now hanging a house-breaker on Saturday who had been taken on Tuesday; now burning people in the hand at Newgate by the dozen, and now burning pamphlets at the door of Westminster Hall; to-day taking the life of an atrocious murderer, and to-morrow of a wretched pilferer who had robbed a farmer's boy of sixpence.

All these things, and a thousand like them, came to pass in and close upon the dear old year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Environed by them, while the Woodman and the Farmer worked unheeded, those two of the large jaws, and those other two of the plain and the fair faces, trod with stir enough, and carried their divine rights with a high hand. Thus did the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five conduct their Greatnesses, and myriads of small creatures—the creatures of this chronicle among the rest—along the roads that lay before them.

CHAPTER II.
THE MAIL.

IT was the Dover road that lay, on a Friday night late in November, before the first of the persons with whom this history has business. The Dover road lay, as to him, beyond the Dover mail, as it lumbered up Shooter's Hill. He walked up-hill in the mire by the side of the mail, as the rest of the passengers did; not because they had the least relish for walking exercise, under the circumstances, but because the hill, and the harness, and the mud, and the mail, were all so heavy that the horses had three times already come to a stop, besides once drawing the coach across the road, with the mutinous intent of taking it back to Blackheath. Reins and whip and coachman and guard, however, in combination, had read that article of war which forbade a purpose otherwise strongly in favor of the argument, that some brute animals are endued with Reason; and the team had capitulated and returned to their duty.

With drooping heads and tremulous tails they mashed their way through the thick mud, floundering and stumbling between whiles as if they were falling to pieces at the larger joints. As often as the driver rested them and brought them to a stand, with a wary "Wo-ho! so-ho, then!" the near leader violently shook his head and every thing upon it—like an unusually emphatic horse, denying that the coach could be got up the hill. Whenever the leader made this rattle, the passenger started, as a nervous passenger might, and was disturbed in mind.

There was a steaming mist in all the hollows, and it roamed in its forlornness up the hill, like an evil spirit, seeking rest and finding none. A clammy and intensely cold mist, it made its slow way through the air in ripples that visibly followed and overspread one another, as the waves of an unwholesome sea might do. It was dense enough to shut out every thing from the light of the coach-lamps but these its own workings, and a few yards of road; and the reek of the laboring horses steamed into it as if they had made it all.

Two other passengers, besides the one, were plodding up the hill by the side of the mail. All three were wrapped to the cheek-bones and over the ears, and wore jack-boots. Not one of the three could have said, from any thing he saw, what either of the other two was like; and each was hidden under almost as many wrappers from the eyes of the mind, as from the eyes of the body, of his two companions. In those days travelers were very shy of being confidential on a short notice, for any body on the road might be a robber or in league with robbers. As to the latter, when every posting-house and ale-house could produce somebody in "the Captain's" pay, ranging from the landlord to the lowest stable nondescript, it was the likeliest thing upon the cards. So the guard of the Dover mail thought to himself that Friday night in November, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, lumbering up Shooter's Hill, as he stood on his own particular perch behind the mail, beating his feet, and keeping an eye and a hand on the arm-chest before him, where a loaded blunderbuss lay at the top of six or eight loaded horse-pistols, deposited on a substratum of cutlass.

The Dover mail was in its usual genial position that the guard suspected the passengers, the passengers suspected one another and the guard, they all suspected every body else, and the coachman was sure of nothing but the horses; as to which cattle he could with a clear conscience have taken his oath on the two Testaments that they were not fit for the journey.

"Wo-ho!" said the coachman. "So, then! One more pull and you're at the top and be damned to you, for I have had trouble enough to get you to it!—Joe!"

"Halloa!" the guard replied.

"What o'clock do you make it, Joe?"

"Ten minutes good, past eleven."

"My blood!" ejaculated the vexed coachman, "and not atop of Shooter's yet! Tst! Yah! Get on with you!"

The emphatic horse, cut short by the whip in a most decided negative, made a scramble for it, and the three other horses followed suit. Once more the Dover mail struggled on, with the jack-boots of its passengers squashing along by its side. They had stopped when the coach stopped, and they kept close company with it. If any one of the three had had the hardihood to propose to another to walk on a little ahead into the mist and darkness, he would have put himself in a fair way of getting shot instantly as a highwayman.

The last burst carried the mail to the summit of the hill. The horses stood still to breathe again, and the guard got down to skid the wheel for the descent, and open the coach door to let the passengers in.

"Tst! Joe!" cried the coachman, in a warning voice, looking down from his box.

"What do you say, Tom?"

They both listened.

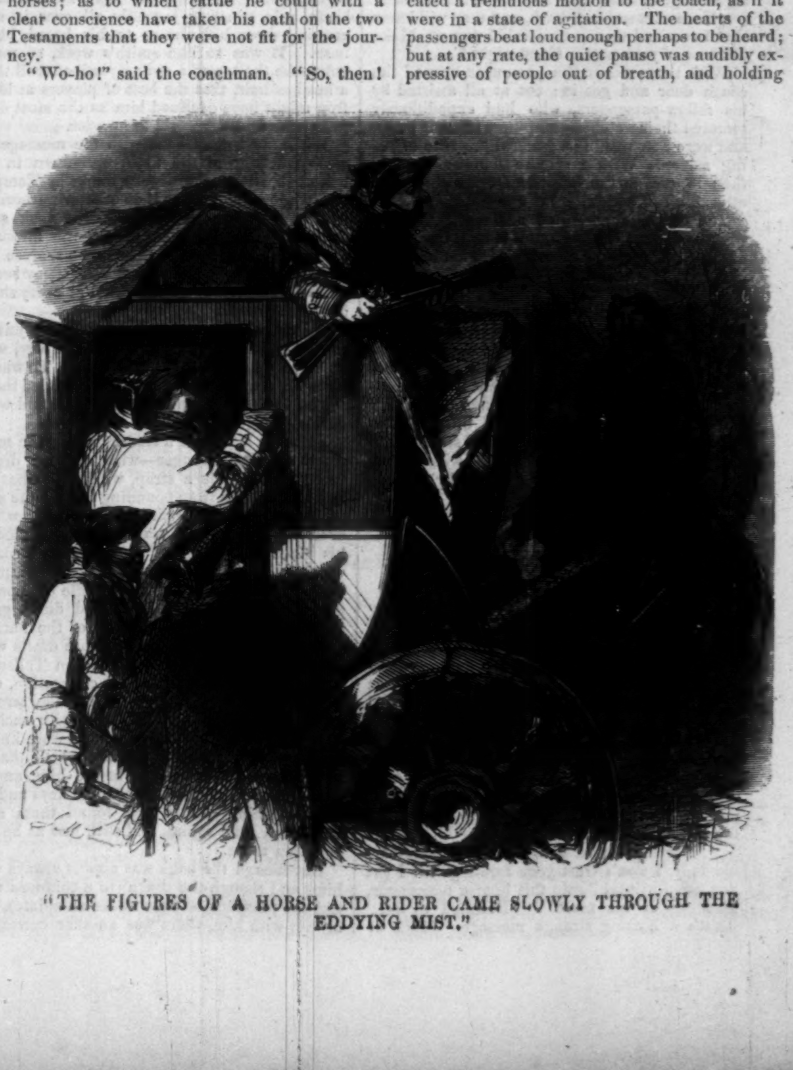
"I say a horse at a canter coming up, Joe."

"*I* say a horse at a gallop, Tom," returned the guard, leaving his hold of the door, and mounting nimbly to his place. "Gentlemen! In the king's name, all of you!"

With this hurried adjuration, he cocked his blunderbuss and stood on the offensive.

The passenger booked by this history was on the coach step getting in; the two other passengers were close behind him, and about to follow. He remained on the step, half in the coach and half out of it; they remained in the road below him. They all looked from the coachman to the guard, and from the guard to the coachman, and listened. The coachman looked back, and the guard looked back, and even the emphatic leader pricked up his ears and looked back, without contradicting.

The stillness consequent on the cessation of the rumbling and laboring of the coach, added to the stillness of the night, made it very quiet indeed. The panting of the horses communicated a tremulous motion to the coach, as if it were in a state of agitation. The hearts of the passengers beat loud enough perhaps to be heard; but at any rate, the quiet pause was audibly expressive of people out of breath, and holding



"THE FIGURES OF A HORSE AND RIDER CAME SLOWLY THROUGH THE EDDYING MIST."

the breath, and having the pulses quickened by expectation.

The sound of a horse at a gallop came fast and furiously up the hill.

"So-ho!" the guard sang out, as loud as he could roar. "Yo there! Stand! I shall fire!"

The pace was suddenly checked, and, with much splashing and floundering, a man's voice called from the mist, "Is that the Dover mail?"

"Never you mind what it is?" the guard retorted. "What are you!"

"*Is* that the Dover mail?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I want a passenger, if it is."

"What passenger?"

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry."

Our booked passenger showed in a moment that it was his name. The guard, the coachman, and the two other passengers eyed him distrustfully.

"Keep where you are," the guard called to the voice in the mist, "because, if I should make a mistake, it could never be set right in your lifetime. Gentleman of the name of Lorry answer straight."

"What is the matter?" asked the passenger, then, with mildly quavering speech. "Who wants me? Is it Jerry?"

("I don't like Jerry's voice, if it is Jerry," growled the guard to himself. "He's hoarser than suits me, is Jerry.")

"Yes, Mr. Lorry."

"What is the matter?"

"A dispatch sent after you from over yonder. T. and Co."

"I know this messenger, guard," said Mr. Lorry, getting down into the road—assisted from behind more swiftly than politely by the other two passengers, who immediately scrambled into the coach, shut the door, and pulled up the window. "He may come close; there's nothing wrong."

"I hope there ain't, but I can't make so 'Nation sure of that," said the guard, in gruff soliloquy. "Hallo you!"

"Well! And hallo you!" said Jerry, more hoarsely than before.

"Come on at a footpace; d'ye mind me? And if you've got holsters to that saddle o' yourn, don't let me see your hand go nigh 'em. For I'm a devil at a quick mistake, and when I make one it takes the form of Lead. So now let's look at you."

The figures of a horse and rider came slowly through the eddying mist, and came to the side of the mail, where the passenger stood. The rider stooped, and, casting up his eyes at the guard, handed the passenger a small folded paper. The rider's horse was blown, and both horse and rider were covered with mud, from the hoofs of the horse to the hat of the man.

"Guard!" said the passenger, in a tone of quiet business confidence.

The watchful guard, with his right hand at the stock of his raised blunderbuss, his left at the barrel, and his eye on the horseman, answered curtly, "Sir."

"There is nothing to apprehend. I belong to Tellson's Bank. You must know Tellson's Bank in London. I am going to Paris on business. A crown to drink. I may read this?"

"If so be as you're quick, Sir."

He opened it in the light of the coach-lamp on that side, and read—first to himself and then aloud: "'Wait at Dover for Ma'amselle.' It's not long, you see, guard. Jerry, say that my answer was, RECALLED TO LIFE."

Jerry started in his saddle. "That's a Blazing strange answer, too," said he, at his hoarsest.

"Take that message back, and they will know that I received this, as well as if I wrote. Make the best of your way. Good-night!"

With those words the passenger opened the coach door and got in; not at all assisted by his fellow-passengers, who had expeditiously secreted their watches and purses in their boots, and were now making a general pretense of being asleep. With no more definite purpose than to escape the hazard of originating any other kind of action.

The coach lumbered on again, with heavier wreaths of mist closing round it as it began the descent. The guard soon replaced his blunderbuss in his arm-chest, and, having looked to the rest of its contents, and having looked to the supplementary pistols that he wore in his belt, looked to a smaller chest beneath his seat, in which there were a few smith's tools, a couple of torches, and a tinder-box. For he was furnished with that completeness, that if the coach-lamps had been blown and stormed out, which did occasionally happen, he had only to shut himself up inside, keep the flint and steel sparks well off the straw, and get a light with tolerable safety and ease (if he were lucky) in five minutes.

"Tom!" softly over the coach-roof.

"Hallo, Joe."

"Did you hear the message?"

"I did, Joe."

"What did you make of it, Tom?"

"Nothing at all, Joe."

"That's a coincidence, too," the guard mused, "for I made the same of it myself."

Jerry, left alone in the mist and darkness, dismounted meanwhile, not only to ease his spent horse, but to wipe the mud from his face, and shake the wet out of his hat-brim, which might be capable of holding about half a gallon. After standing with the bridle over his heavily-splashed arm, until the wheels of the mail were no longer within hearing and the night was quite still again, he turned to walk down the hill.

"After that there gallop from Temple-bar, old lady, I won't trust your fore-legs till I get you on the level," said this hoarse messenger, glancing at his mare. "'Recalled to life.' That's a Blazing strange message. Much of that wouldn't do for you, Jerry! I say, Jerry! You'd be in a Blazing bad way, if recalling to life was to come into fashion, Jerry!"

CHAPTER III.

THE NIGHT SHADOWS.

A WONDERFUL fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every other. A solemn consideration, when I enter a great city by night, that every one of those darkly clustered houses incloses its own secret; that every room in every one of them incloses its own secret; that every beating heart in the hundreds of thousands of breasts there, is, in some of its imaginings, a secret to the heart nearest it! Something of the awfulness, even of Death itself, is referable to this. No more can I turn the leaves of this dear book that I loved, and vainly hope in time to read it all. No more can I look into the depths of this unfathomable water, wherein, as momentary lights glanced into it, I have had glimpses of buried treasure and other things submerged. It was appointed that the book should shut with a spring, forever and forever, when I had read but a page. It was appointed that the water should be locked in an eternal frost, when the light was playing on its surface, and I stood in ignorance on the shore. My friend is dead, my neighbor is dead, my love, the darling of my soul, is dead; it is the inexorable consolidation and perpetuation of the secret that was always in that individuality, and which I shall carry in mine to my life's end. In any of the burial-places of this city through which I pass, is there a sleeper more inscrutable than its busy inhabitants are, in their innermost personality, to me, or than I am to them?

As to this, his natural and not to be alienated inheritance, the messenger on horseback had exactly the same possessions as the King, the first Minister of State, or the richest merchant in London. So with the three passengers shut up in the narrow compass of one lumbering old mail-coach; they were mysteries to one another, as complete as if each had been in his own coach and six, or his own coach and sixty, with the breadth of a county between him and the next.

The messenger rode back at an easy trot, stopping pretty often at ale-houses by the way to drink, but evincing a tendency to keep his own counsel, and to keep his hat cocked over his eyes. He had eyes that assorted very well with that decoration, being of a surface black, with no depth in the color or form, and much too near together—as if they were afraid of being found out in something, singly, if they kept too far apart. They had a sinister expression, under an old cocked-hat like a three-cornered spittoon, and over a great muffler for the chin and throat, which descended nearly to the wearer's knees. When he stopped for drink, he moved this muffler with his left hand, only while he poured his liquor in with his right; as soon as that was done, he muffled again.

"No, Jerry, no!" said the messenger, harping on one theme as he rode. "It wouldn't do for you, Jerry. Jerry, you honest tradesman, it wouldn't suit *your* line of business! Recalled—! Bust me if I don't think he'd been a drinking!"

His message perplexed his mind to that degree that he was fain, several times, to take off his hat to scratch his head. Except on the crown, which was raggedly bald, he had stiff, black hair, standing jaggedly all over it, and growing down-hill almost to his broad, blunt nose. It was so like smith's work, so much more like the top of a strongly-spiked wall than a head of hair, that the best of players at leap-frog might have declined him as the most dangerous man in the world to go over.

While he trotted back with the message he was to deliver to the night-watchman in his box at the door of Tellson's Bank, by Temple-bar, who was to deliver it to greater authorities within, the shadows of the night took such shapes to him as arose out of the message, and took such shapes to the mare as arose out of *her* private topics of uneasiness. They seemed to be numerous, for she shied at every shadow on the road.

What time, the mail-coach lumbered, jolted, rattled and bumped upon its tedious way, with its three fellow-inscrutables inside. To whom, likewise, the shadows of the night revealed themselves, in the forms their dozing eyes and wandering thoughts suggested.

Tellson's Bank had a run upon it in the mail. As the bank passenger—with an arm drawn through the leathern strap, which did what lay in it to keep him from pounding against the next passenger, and driving him into his corner, whenever the coach got a special jolt—nodded in his place with half-shut eyes, the little coach-windows, and the coach-lamp dimly gleaming through them, and the bulky bundle of opposite passenger, became the bank, and did a great stroke of business. The rattle of the harness was the chink of money, and more drafts were honored in five minutes than even Tellson's, with all its foreign and home connection, ever paid in thrice the time. Then, the strong-rooms underground, at Tellson's, with such of their valuable stores and secrets as were known to the passenger (and it was not a little that he knew about them), opened before him, and he went in among them with the great keys and the feebly-burning candle, and found them safe, and strong, and sound, and still, just as he had last seen them.

But though the bank was almost always with him, and though the coach (in a confused way, like the presence of pain under an opiate), was always with him, there was another current of impression that never ceased to run, all through the night. He was on his way to dig some one out of a grave.

Now which of the multitude of faces that showed themselves before him was the true face of the buried person, the shadows of the night did not indicate; but they were all the faces of a man of five-and-forty by years, and they differ principally in the passions they expressed, and in the ghastliness of their worn and wasted state. Pride, contempt, defiance, stubbornness, submission, lamentation, succeeded one another; so did varieties of sunken cheek, cadaverous color, emaciated hands and fingers. But the face was in the main one face, and every head was prematurely white. A hundred times the dozing passenger inquired of this spectre:

"Buried how long?"

The answer was always the same: "Almost eighteen years."

"You had abandoned all hope of being dug out?"

"Long ago."

"You know that you are recalled to life?"

"They tell me so."

"I hope you care to live?"

"I can't say."

"Shall I show her to you? Will you come and see her?"

The answers to this question were various and contradictory. Sometimes the broken reply was, "Wait! It would kill me if I saw her too soon." Sometimes it was given in a tender rain of tears, and then it was, "Take me to her." Sometimes it was staring and bewildered, and then it was, "I don't know her. I don't understand."

After such imaginary discourse, the passenger in his fancy would dig, and dig, dig—now, with a spade, now with a great key, now with his hands—to dig this wretched creature out. Got out at last, with earth hanging about his face and hair, he would suddenly fall away to dust. The passenger would then start to himself, and lower the window, to get the reality of mist and rain on his cheek.

Yet even when his eyes were opened on the mist and rain, on the moving patch of light from the lamps, and the hedge at the roadside retreating by jerks, the night shadows outside the coach would fall into the train of the night shadows within. The real Banking-house by Temple-bar, the real business of the past day, the real strong-rooms, the real express sent after him, and the real message returned, would all be there. Out of the midst of them the ghostly face would rise, and he would accost it again.

"Buried how long?"

"Almost eighteen years."

"I hope you care to live?"

"I can't say."

Dig—dig—dig—until an impatient movement from one of the two passengers would admonish him to pull up the window, draw his arm securely through the leathern strap, and speculate upon the two slumbering forms, until his mind lost its hold of them, and they again slid away into the bank and the grave.

"Buried how long?"

"Almost eighteen years."

"You had abandoned all hope of being dug out?"

"Long ago."

The words were still in his hearing as just spoken—distinctly in his hearing as ever spoken words had been in his life—when the weary passenger started to the consciousness of daylight, and found that the shadows of the night were gone.

He lowered the window, and looked out at the rising sun. There was a ridge of plowed land, with a plow upon it where it had been left last night when the horses were unyoked; beyond, a quiet coppice-wood, in which many leaves of burning red and golden yellow still remained upon the trees. Though the earth was cold and wet, the sky was clear, and the sun rose bright, placid, and beautiful.

"Eighteen years!" said the passenger, looking at the sun. "Gracious Creator of Day! To be buried alive for eighteen years!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

THE initial chapters of MR. DICKENS'S new tale, which we publish in this paper, show that the Great Novelist has lost nothing of his extraordinary power; they hold out promise of a tale of romantic and thrilling interest. It is understood that the peculiar circumstances under which this tale is written have roused Mr. Dickens to unwonted exertions, and will probably render it the greatest of his novels. We shall continue its publication from week to week till it is completed.

We congratulate our readers on the simultaneous appearance in our columns of serials by Mr. Dickens and Mr. Curtis. Such an opportunity is rarely enjoyed by the readers of any periodical.

THE SICKLES VERDICT.

IT was so universally understood that Daniel E. Sickles would not be punished for killing Philip Barton Key that the verdict of acquittal, which we record elsewhere, has taken no one by surprise. Within a day or two after the homicide we had occasion to state that the public sentiment with regard to such cases was clear and decided; that, whatever the law was, and whatever judges might instruct, no American jury would find a man guilty of murder for slaying the seducer of his wife or daughter. The verdict in the Sickles case is simply another manifestation of a sentiment whose existence many previous verdicts had proved.

That the counsel for the defense failed to make good the legal grounds on which they rested is obvious to every one. The pretense that Mr. Sickles was insane is irreconcilable with the facts. The theory that even so great an injury as that inflicted by Key on Sickles constitutes a justification for homicide is clearly contrary to law. According to law, the act was murder: so the jurists tell us; so the prosecution prayed the judge to instruct; and so, in fact, he did instruct the jury. But according to that public sentiment which, through the jury-box, possesses the power of overriding the law, the act was excusable and deserved no punishment.

Not that Sickles was blameless, but that Key was guilty.

The reporter of the New York associated press, who throughout this trial has at least done full justice to the cause of Mr. Sickles, describes the scene of the acquittal much as Macaulay describes the acquittal of the Bishops under James; he tells that clergymen thanked the prisoner for what he had done, and assured him that he held a cherished place in their hearts; that the lawyers for the defense, the Reverend Mr. Haley, and other friends of Sickles, were "serenaded by the mob;" that people throughout Washington burst into transports of delight, and that some danced like David before the ark; that peddlers, in the exuberance of their joy, upset their baskets at Sickles's feet, imploring him to accept the contents; that the crowd would have taken the horses from Sickles's carriage, and drawn him through the streets, had not their design been detected in time to prevent its accomplishment. If all this be true, we can only say that the townsmen of Mr. Key appear to feel very differently on the question from the townsmen of Mr. Sickles.

Here, in New York, the press has received the verdict very coolly indeed. Two influential journals condemn it utterly. The others, while accepting it as, if not absolutely right, at least inevitable, express any thing but enthusiasm for the discharged prisoner. By some he is recommended to leave New York and choose a new field for his exertions; all concur in advising him to avoid the public eye. It is evident that, though they may not regret his acquittal, they are not quite prepared to pronounce him a hero.

Not that adultery is esteemed a more venial offense here than it is in Washington. We believe, on the contrary, that had the trial taken place here the result would have been precisely the same. But it is due to truth to say that the facts which have been brought out during the trial—the cold-blooded manner in which Key was killed, the overwhelming disgrace heaped upon the poor, silent, friendless wife, and the transparent efforts which have been made to manufacture public sentiment for the benefit of the prisoner—have gone far toward depriving Mr. Sickles of sympathies which he enjoyed on the first intelligence of the catastrophe.

It is but right, too, to say that, while the magnificent efforts of Mr. Brady and the eloquence and skill of Mr. Carlisle have commanded universal admiration, there is a general feeling that Mr. District-Attorney Ould did not prosecute the case with the vigor which the public expects in a public prosecutor. Many instances of what is termed his weakness are the subject of general comment. We will only allude to one. How came Mr. Ould to consent to discuss in private, before the Judge, the important rebutting testimony which he reserved for the close of the case? The defense knew better than to discuss privately any thing that told in favor of their client; loud discussions with regard to inadmissible evidence placed before the jury many facts which never could have reached them in the shape of testimony. Was it beneath Mr. Ould to follow the example? If the jury had had a hint of the nature of the testimony which was debated in whispers, it would have had weight with them.

If we were to try to define the public sentiment which caused the acquittal of Mr. Sickles we should call it a sense of fairness. Mr. Key's conduct was unfair; therefore he was rightly served.

NEW TROUBLES IN UTAH.

IT seems that, besides the Mormons, our officials in Utah are preparing to fight each other. The General commanding refuses to obey the Governor. The Governor derides the General in a proclamation. And the Chief-Justice publishes a protest against the Governor. Altogether, the demon of discord appears to rule triumphant over the whole Territory.

So far as we can judge the Governor is in the wrong. The Chief-Justice was the best judge of the degree of security in which his court stood. If he declared that he could not discharge his functions without soldiers to guard him—as he did—it was unwarrantable in Governor Cumming to seek to deny him his request, and General Johnston simply did his

duty in granting it. Considering the temper of the Mormons, we think it quite likely that the present Chief-Justice, had he been undefended, would have shared the fate of some of his predecessors. As to the pretense that the presence of a company of United States troops at the Court-house was an insult to a set of people who were only a few months ago in armed rebellion against the United States, the idea is so absurd that it reminds one of the culprit on the gallows who protested against the tickling of the cord round his neck.

It would seem that Governor Cumming—though no doubt an excellent person in his proper sphere—is not precisely the right man in the right place in Utah. If Mr. Buchanan has not already superseded him, the sooner he does so the better. The best arrangement of all would be to vest the Governorship in General Johnston. This would obviate collisions which, under any other arrangement, would be almost unavoidable; it would, it is true, deprive the Executive of an opportunity of rewarding some friend.

GOOD NEWS FOR CALIFORNIA.

FOR years the Californians have groaned under the exactions of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which owns the only line of steamers between Panama and San Francisco. Within the past few weeks a rival to the Company has arisen in the person of the redoubtable Commodore Vanderbilt, who is running a boat once a month from either end of the route. We now understand that, all attempts to effect a compromise between the rivals having failed, the Commodore is about to employ the bulk of his steam navy in prosecuting the competition with vigor. The Californians are in luck.

The Panama Railroad, too, which is not very popular with them, as a rule, in consequence of its high charges, is going to prove a great boon to our Pacific States. It is building up a great coasting trade all along the Pacific shores of America. Places in South and Central America which, before the road was built, were destitute of any trade whatever, have been roused to life, and are now giving ample employment to a small fleet of sailing craft and propellers. Every such trading point must be a feeder to the great city of the Pacific—San Francisco.

THE LOUNGER.

THE MORAL.

TWELVE intelligent American citizens, speaking, as is alleged, the universal sentiment of their countrymen, have just proclaimed that American wives are property, but property of a more sacred character than sheep or horses; that there is an inherent, invincible tendency in that property to be spoiled or stolen; that its secret adulteration, unknown to the owner, is yet an "infamous disgrace" to him; and that if there be some property of this kind still unappropriated, and therefore to be injured without penalty, yet why may not a man "defend his goods lest other goods, less carefully guarded, should be stolen?"

Besides this, these twelve American citizens have announced that the adulteration of that property is a crime so black as to endanger the very life of society; but for its punishment the citizen is not to look to society and the laws, but to his club, his dagger, or his pistol; an offense so fatal that civilization affords no penalty, but for which redress is to be found only in the most savage instincts and the habits of a purely barbarous condition. They have proclaimed that this fatal offense against the rights which a man has in this kind of property shall not be covered with the disgrace that attaches to the invasion of other rights, but shall have a kind of heroic aspect arising from the personal danger under which it is committed. They have done all they can to restore society to the principle of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—to destroy a practical respect for the Christian law in human hearts, and to elevate what is called the "honor" of a husband over the paramount moral duty of a man.

Shall we hear in reply that it is idle to talk; that we know as well as all men that legal penalties can not satisfy wounded honor; that fines, and imprisonments, and legal executions of the man who has foully slandered a mother or a wife could not atone to any decent man for the offense committed; that the indignant instinct of every man under such circumstances is to drown the offense in the blood of the offender?

Well, now, most Christian reader, most Christian newspapers, most Christian church-members and church-goers, is it not the very aim of the Christianity that we all profess, to show that although no legal penalty can right a real wrong, no possible indulgence of mad passion can do it any better?

There was a great deal said about the Bible—about sacred things; there was a most comely adjourning of the court over Sunday, and no possible objection to jurors reading their Bibles. Oh no! not the least. It was a church-going court. It was a Bible-quoting counsel. In one case, at least, it was a praying jury. What Bible did they read? What preaching did they hear? To what God did they pray?

What intolerable *farceurs* we all are!

It is bad enough, of course, that we should all shame the moral law we profess in the little details of daily life; but that its flagrant violation, ending in the bloody death of another sinner, should be solemnly and learnedly defended by allusions to the very law itself, is one of those exquisitely rampant absurdities that recall Carlyle's "hypocrisy that is so astonished you should think it hypocritical."

At least, if we defy the Christian law which we profess, let us have the heroism of honesty in the defiance. Let us frankly say, "Christianity is an impossibility. It lays down principles which are merely figurative and not practical. It says, indeed, that we ought to govern our passions, but all that is pure bosh. *We* say—and we dance in front of the saying, like David before the ark—that it is noble, and manly, and honorable, and gentlemanly, and absolutely right, that, regarding our rights in our wives as our most valuable property (see the Gospels, and the Maries at the tomb), we shall deliberately slaughter any thief that tries to steal them. The Christian law is something to be taught in country Sunday-schools, and listened to decorously by our wives who go to church and evening lectures. It is something to be professed; and the fellow who can cant most about religion and morality and the interests of Christianity is the best fellow. But, bless my soul! PRACTICE it! practice the Christian law a little—in society? ha, ha!—in Wall Street? he, he!—in Washington? HO, HO!"

We are on the eve of a great gush of oratory about Christian enterprise, and Christian this and that. Will not some eloquent speaker take the trouble to say whether he believes that men really forgive what they consider to be injuries now more than they did two thousand years ago? Will he then answer two other questions—first, whether he thinks social progress in the direction indicated by faithful Christian preaching a good thing? and, second, whether he thinks the solemn judicial justification of the law which Christianity is intended to supersede helps that progress?

"That's all talk, you know; 'tisn't the Millennium."

Well!

"Well, then you must take men as you find em."

Well!

"And men will always revenge certain insults in a certain way."

Well!

"Then what are you driving at?"

Simply that Christianity is a swindling sham—a—

"Stop, you impious wretch, you—"

I merely repeat your own words in another form.

"Have you no respect for religion—for the feelings of your readers?"

Immense: overpowering. But it is you who say that men are always going to obey the feelings which Christianity comes to purify. If it *can't* purify them—if it is a mere matter of course that it can't—it knows it beforehand, and then it is a quack medicine, and the sands of its life are fast running out, and I for one will shove 'em through as fast as I can. Do you know what else the twelve intelligent American citizens have announced?

"Nothing so immoral as your observations, I am sure—"

Attend! While they declare that wives are property, the law does not. The law acknowledges their existence as human beings, and, so far as conjugal honor is concerned, as equal matrimonial partners. Therefore our fellow-citizens—one of them prayed in a corner about it—have decided that any wife who has strong reason to suspect the infidelity of her husband may justly put poison in the soup of his accomplice, may shoot her, stab her, or in any other manner take her life; and that not in the heat of the first discovery, but after time has been given him to make a confession (whether he does make it or not), if the wife should prefer to secure that record of justification before proceeding to the slaughter.

Do not say that in the Millennium, as no one will wish to do injuries there will be no injury to forgive, and therefore of course no criminal law—for the Millennium begins in the individual heart and the restraint of individual passion.

THE OCEAN WAIF.

THE night was long, and dark, and drear;
  The waves ran fierce and high;
There was no kindly voice to cheer,
  There was no beacon nigh.

She strove to breast the raging surge,
  She watched and prayed for dawn of day;
And still with brave heart strove to urge
  Her frail bark on its way.

But when she found it might not be,
  She knelt with calmly-lifted face,
Gazing above, as she could see
  Through black and frowning space.

She said, "I fear not the mad strife
  Of this wild, rolling sea;
It can but wash me from this life—
  It can not *blot me out to Thee!*

"I'm weary of this ceaseless battle—
  Oh! Father, take me home above;
I have no longer strength to struggle
  Alone—uncheered by love."

And the dark sea, with a rush and roar,
  Bore her away on its giant breast,
And cast her, frail flower! on a heavenly shore,
  To bloom and glow in eternal rest.

TULA.

CHURCH'S HEART OF THE ANDES.

IN all the really great pictures, the Transfiguration, the Sistine Madonna and the Seggiola, the Communion of St. Jerome, the Last Judgment and Prophets and Sybils—with Claude's and Salvator's and Turner's best landscapes—there is a kind of remoteness and superiority—a magnificent self-possession, which disdains to captivate the spectator suddenly with some trick of effect, like a coquette with a coy ringlet or an arch bend of the neck. Tricks of effect, like coy ringlets and arch neck-bendings, have a very temporary power. It is the repose of beauty which is permanently impressive.

In painting this picture of scenery, for the painting of which he is already famous, Mr. Church might easily have tickled the eye, and have satisfied a superficial expectation, by flooding his canvas with a glare of sunshine and illuminated mist which is popularly supposed to be the permanent condition of the tropical atmosphere. He has, however, conceived his work more wisely and profoundly; and the result is a picture which must be classed with the great landscapes.

For himself, the Lounger frankly confesses that he recalls no work either of Claude or Salvator which is, upon the whole, so satisfactory; and he alludes to the Italian masters, at once, that he may indicate the kind of impression, in comparison with other great works, that this picture produces. One star differs from another. But it is well to have it understood that we are speaking of stars and not of Jack-o'-lanthorns. Claude will probably always be supreme in a peculiarly idyllic charm, to which the loyalty of this critic is not likely to be disturbed. But Church's work belongs to a larger style.

As your eye wanders over the teeming richness of the scene, clings to the tangling luxuriance of the foliage, winks at the sunshine upon the bark, follows the winding, solitary path, the abounding and sparkling river—loiters upon the lake and scans the church, and the houses, whose architecture reveals the volcanic ground, sees the birds fluttering, the flowers blooming, and, gradually receding into distance, marks the infinite play of color upon the infinitely various lines of the mountainous mass, the gleaming cataract a thread of light upon its side, and, still climbing those vast reaches of richness and solitude, touches airier heights and remoter peaks still hued with the soft glory of the equatorial heaven, and, floating on through the silent splendor of that heaven, rests at last upon the mighty dome of snow that crowns the continent—then you feel that the characteristic magnificence of American scenery, in its most luxuriant and satisfactory type, has found its poet, for it is not only a scene upon which you gaze, but the mind is refreshed with a more satisfactory sense of the opulence and resources of nature.

In the manipulation of this picture Mr. Church seems to have bridged the gulf between the exactitude of the Pre-Raphaelites and the breadth of the Post-Raphaelites. The foreground is elaborated with a patient care, a thoughtful detail, and a loyalty to nature which Millar's might envy; while the whole scene has a vastness, a calmness, and quiet breadth, which Salvator never attained.

"The Heart of the Andes" will be carried to Europe, but we sincerely hope it will be brought back again, and remain permanently in this country. It may be seen for a little while at the Studio Building in Tenth Street, near the Sixth Avenue; and whoever would study it with a full appreciation of its character, should carefully read the little pamphlet, "A Companion to the Heart of the Andes"—a most sympathetic, eloquent, genial, and intelligent description both of the detail and the spirit of the work, by the artist's friend, Theodore Winthrop, himself a South American traveler.

THE FEAST OF FLOWERS.

SOME kind lady of this city has given land enough upon Long Island, about forty miles from New York, and close to a railroad station, to establish a horticultural school for poor orphan girls. The gentlemen who have it in charge, desirous of securing money enough to erect buildings sufficient for a school of twenty-five pupils, offer a festival of a week during the Anniversaries, combining music, oratory, painting, and sculpture with incessant flowers; and at last a *soirée dansante*, under the auspices of the Seventy-first Regiment.

At least we hope that these festivities may serve to bring the project to public attention. It is a new movement—a new charity—and so long as we are honest men and women shall there not be continually new plans and movements of greater charity?

In Charles Reade's new novel—"Love me little, Love me long"—he makes the heroine announce that a woman's ambition has two careers opened to it—marriage and water-colors! Let us pluck out the sting of this satire. It is too late to argue that women ought to have a larger opportunity. Let us begin our share of the work by giving our sympathy and assistance to all such movements as this.

A WORD WITH "HOMO."

HOMO—a man—alludes to the Lounger's remarks upon differences of accommodation for differences of price on railroads; "whereby," as he puts it, "money can buy the privilege of not having to ride in the same carriage with the common class. Why not carry the idea farther, and give money the right, when it wishes to walk, to buy the privilege of the exclusive use of a street for its own accommodation?"

Homo probably thinks he is a Democrat. He probably thinks, farther, that democracy consists in bringing every thing down to the level of the poorest thing; that so long as one man is better dressed, or talks better grammar, or is more intelligent and industrious than another, that man is a purse-proud, upstart aristocrat. Is Homo aware that of all despotic ideas this is not only the meanest and most brutal, but the most absurd?

Is there any injustice in selling cake for more money than bread? or a good horse or cow for more than a poor animal? or ten pounds of coffee for more than one pound? or the best seats in a theatre for more than the worst ones? or a diamond for more than a crystal? or a ride to Albany for more than a sail to Brooklyn?

These things, for which more is paid, are more valuable than the others; and seclusion is often one of the most valuable commodities possible. If Homo's wife were dangerously ill and he had to make a journey in the cars with her, probably he would be willing to pay more for a quiet, separate, and convenient car than he would for two seats in the crowd of chatters and spitters who might chance (only chance, mark; but then chat and s—t *are* chances in American travel, Homo will allow) to be occupying the other cars. Or if Homo and a party were making a pleasure-trip from the Penobscot to the Mississippi, is there any reason why they should not enjoy as much comfort of every kind as they can buy? For will Homo please to remark that if they are not to buy that comfort because some other people, whom he chooses, very foolishly, to call "the common class," can not buy it, then they have no right to buy the convenience of the journey, because there are plenty of other people who can not afford that.

That is to say, according to the doctrine of Homo himself, he has no right to live in a better house, to wear more expensive clothes, to eat and drink more generously, to have more books, pictures, or music, to be more intelligent or cultivated or traveled than the poorest man in the world, because, as he says, it is only money that buys these things, and the idea of money's buying things might be carried to the excess of purchasing a separate street, or "the privilege of not having to ride in the same carriage with the common class."

Excellent Homo! Excellent, but not perceptive. Does he not know that at this very moment money does buy the privilege of not riding in an emigrant car? and if one of "the common class" has the money, he can purchase that privilege? Then has Homo never reflected that a separate street *is* practically purchased by every person who drives in his own carriage through any public highway?

Homo and the rest of society don't give money its rights. Its rights are founded in great laws, in the making of which none of us were consulted. Whatever value is really computable in money, money will always buy, and ought to be able to buy; and so long as it is not wrong for one man to have more money than another—that is, so long as the lazy and incapable are not to reduce industry and thrift to their level—so long it will be right for one man to buy what some other man has not the means of buying. When railroad companies are of opinion that the plan of various prices is a profitable plan for them, as well as for those who want them, then we shall have such cars, and we shall have as much choice in our comfort of travel as we now have in hotels or in any other merchantable commodity.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—WILLIS, New York, wishes to know why we can not have "a column for correspondents." In the *Weekly* of April 9th Willis will find rather more than two columns, and in that for the 16th more than one column, devoted to letters and answers.

—B. S. writes from Boston in reference to the "Apologue" of the Lounger three weeks since, and asks:

"Supposing the good people who are willing any one should believe twice two make a million had said, when they established their Botanical school, 'All who come to our country we will welcome; but they, as well as we, must pay a good round sum to support our school, and, in return, their children shall receive, equally with ours, the privileges of instruction;' adding, 'But though our school is only botanical, and we wish to influence no man's arithmetical belief, yet, having based the theorem of our political existence upon his demonstrations, we hold Daboll in infinite reverence, and would have our children familiar with his name: and therefore we will have the solution of at least one of his problems read in our botanical school every day, leaving our coming friends, who believe two and two make a million, to show their children the fallacy of his deductions and the soundness of their own.' Supposing the good people had spoken thus, ought not the scholar who rebels against the reading of Daboll to be spanked?"

This simply begs the whole question. If the "good people" have based their political existence upon Daboll, and hold that their political existence precedes all other questions, then they will, if they are as common-sensible as they are "good," insist that every citizen shall conform to Daboll. But in that case they are *not* willing, nor ought they to be, that any body should believe that twice two make a million. If they profess that latitude in arithmetical belief, and invite the "coming friends" to pay equally for a Botanical school, they have certainly no right to punish any scholar for his arithmetical views. The "coming friends" who pay an equal share for the Botanical school, have equal rights there, or they have not. If they have not, then there is no question. If they have, then they can insist just as strongly that Daboll shall *not* be read as the "good people" insist that he shall. There is one supposition B. S. forgets to make, and which bears heavily upon the case. Suppose that "the theorem of our political existence" contemplates no such division as "coming friends," but gives equal legal, political, and religious rights to all who pay equal taxes, whether they came last year or last century, then how about spanking the Botanical pupil for non-conformity in arithmetic?

—JUVENIS has written a fair poem in the Lament of Ailleen Gerald. Let him now study not only Crabbe's poem, but the chapter in Waverley describing the execution of Fergus MacIvor.

—LOTUS-EATER, Buffalo, is informed that the work he asks about will probably be issued in book-form upon its completion. The Easy Chair, about whom Lotus-Eater farther inquires, is such an old and confidential friend of the Lounger that the latter respects his secrets as if they were his own.

—A WOMAN, Brooklyn, writes to the Lounger forcibly upon a subject of which he has expressed his own opinion so emphatically that he does not care to return to it just now.

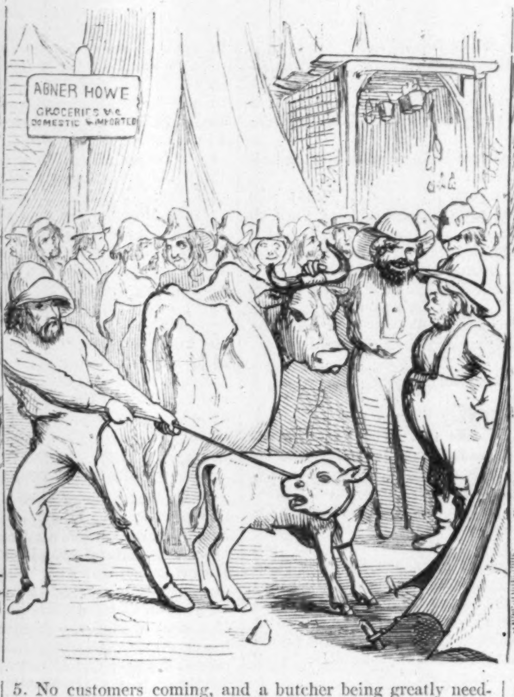
Ye PICTORIAL HISTORIE OF HONEST ABNER HOWE'S JOURNEY TO PIKE'S PEAK IN SEARCH OF A RAPID FORTUNE.

1. Honest Abner meditateth upon ye cares of ye farmer's life, and decideth to emigrate to Pike's Peak.

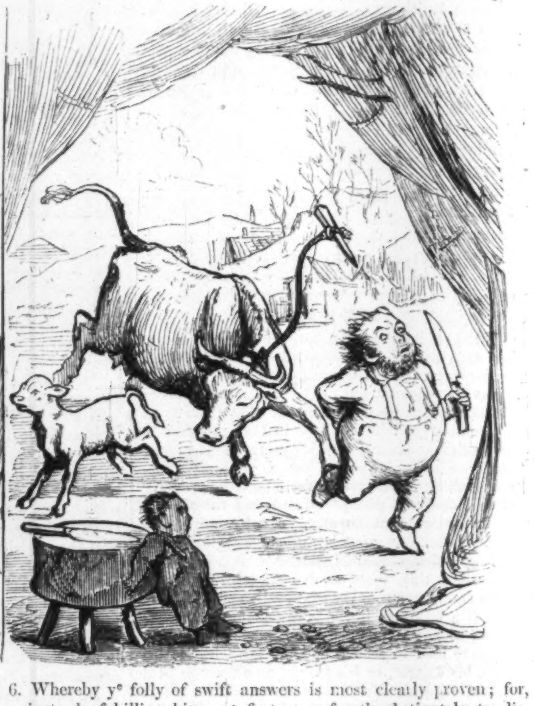
2. Not to dig gold, as neighbor Crumps supposed; but—shrewd Abner!—to vend groceries and liquors to ye fat-pursed gold diggers, at a profit which ye honest man leaveth for future consideration.

3. Shrewd Abner experienceth much surprise and some disgust on arriving at ye Peak; for lo! every tent is a grocery, and ye oldest inhabitant hath not seen a digger this year.

4. Howbeit, Abner hath a valiant heart. He openeth his store, and sitteth much on ye counter thereof, making pleasant additions of ye future profits of ye business.



5. No customers coming, and a butcher being greatly needed to kill cattle for ye grocers, Abner—ye stout of heart—is asked, "Will he kill ye cattle?" He answereth straightway, "I will."



6. Whereby ye folly of swift answers is most clearly proven; for, instead of killing kine, ye first ox refuseth obstinately to die, and nearly killeth ye butcher.

7. Haply, upon these undertakings, arriveth a real live Digger, ye first of ye season. Ye people, young and old, rush to him, and beseech him to buy their goods and wares.

8. Generous Digger will not balk them; he engageth half a dozen or so as body-servants, and giveth his boots to honest Abner to carry.

9. Which and other like employments, pursued valiantly throughout the summer, convince shrewd Abner, as he returneth weary and waysore, to his Massachusetts home, that there are worse cares in life than those of a farmer.

COUNT CAVOUR.

No statesman in Europe occupies a more prominent position at the present time than the nobleman whose name heads this article; his portrait, which we give herewith, is part of the pictorial history of the day.

Count Cavour is another of the many examples of democratic success which continental Europe is now producing. His father was a merchant of Nice, who made a large fortune, and, mainly through the influence of his son, obtained, late in life, the distinction he had coveted from his youth, a patent of nobility. The son, Camillo, was born in 1809. He spent his youth in the acquirement of knowledge and the delights of pleasure. His means, his rank, and the favor in which he stood at Court enabled him to move in the best society throughout the Continent; and though he took no active part at this time in public affairs, those who knew him were fond of predicting that he would make a name for himself some day.

He was one of the many thoughtful men who, in 1847, felt the storm coming. He was then thirty-seven years of age. Abandoning his associates and his pleasures, he repaired to Turin, and there established a newspaper, to which he gave the significant title of *Il Risorgimento*—"The Uprising." This journal was the first organ of Italian nationality and the revolutionary movement of 1848. The Italian mind was ready for it, and it achieved a complete success.

But, like nearly all the early leaders of revolutionary movements, Count Cavour and his paper soon found themselves outstripped in revolutionary fervor by other candidates for public favor. The fire kindled by the *Risorgimento* spread throughout Italy and throughout Europe; when Cavour tried to check it, the task was beyond his strength; and war was finally declared between Austria and Piedmont, against the wish, and in spite of the protest of the man who, above all others, had roused the Piedmontese to fighting pitch.

Cavour, unlike his hot-headed countrymen, foresaw the result of the struggle. His foresight exposed him to no little obloquy at the time. From being the most popular man in Piedmont he fell into decided disgrace. But after a few months fighting had exposed the weakness of the revolutionary party, and enabled Austria to tighten her iron grasp on the best provinces of Italy, people began to think better of the Editor who, throughout the contest, had contended that it was premature.

In 1849 Count Cavour was elected to the Chamber of Deputies of Piedmont, and was soon selected to preside over the Department of Commerce and Agriculture. In 1851 he became Secretary of Finance. This was the most onerous post in the Government, as the war bills of 1848 had to be paid out of an empty treasury. Count Cavour devoted himself to the task with such skill and energy that though enormous sums have been laid out since then on fortifications and other military works, the debt of 1848 has been put in convenient shape, the State credit now stands higher than that of Austria, and Sardinia is more prosperous than ever. A large part of this prosperity, we should add, has been the fruit of the free-trade policy of which Cavour was one of the earliest advocates.

In 1852 Count Cavour became President of the Council of Ministers, and has occupied the post—which is that of Prime Minister—ever since. The two leading measures of his administration have been his rebellion against Papal authority and his co-operation with the allied maritime Powers in the war against Russia. The former was a measure of great boldness, considering the power which the Church still wields in Piedmont. Nothing daunted, however, by the menaces of haughty priests, and even the bulls of the Pope himself, Cavour stripped the Piedmontese Church of its inalienable estates, and took education out of the hands of the clergy. No Protestant, and, we trust, but few Catholics, can fail to applaud his policy. His co-operation with France and England against Russia was very dexterous. It secured the good-will of both the maritime States; while so small a Power as Sardinia could afford to risk the displeasure of a distant potentate like the Czar.

Count Cavour is the man, above all others, who has stirred up the present broil in Europe. If he succeeds, it is quite likely that he will be the first minister of Constitutional Italy. So high a rank may well stimulate his ambition, and provoke him to dare almost any thing.

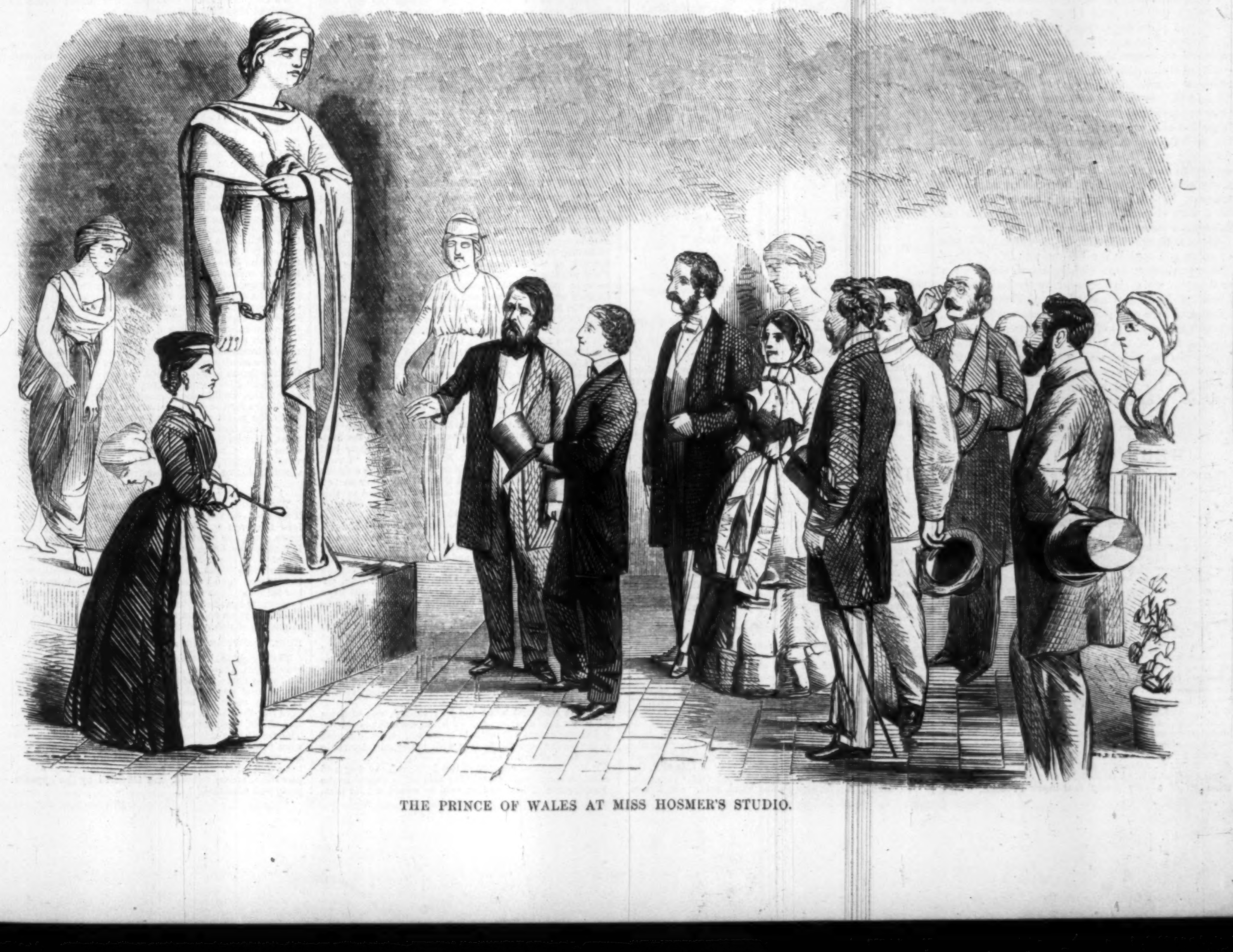
COUNT CAVOUR.—[FROM A LATE PHOTOGRAPH.]

MISS HOSMER'S STUDIO AT ROME.

WE give herewith an engraving of a visit paid by the Prince of Wales to the studio of our gifted countrywoman, Miss Hosmer, at Rome.

Miss Hosmer's name is familiar to all lovers of art in this country. The daughter of a physician now residing at Watertown, Massachusetts, Miss Hosmer was born in that town some twenty-seven years ago, and was educated at Miss Sedgwick's school at Lenox. Her taste for art developed itself at an early age, and as soon as she reached womanhood she repaired to Rome, and entered Mr. Gibson's studio as a pupil. Under the guidance of that renowned master she fulfilled her youthful promise; her first work—a head of Medusa for Mr. Appleton of Boston—was deservedly lauded by the critics. Since then she has executed various statues of remarkable merit, among others a Beatrice Cenci, which attracted great attention last year.

She is now engaged on a statue of Zenobia—which will be seen in our engraving. Letters from Rome tell us that it will vindicate Miss Hosmer's claim to a very high rank among the sculptors of the day. Mr. Gibson is said by a correspondent to have taken great pleasure in pointing



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT MISS HOSMER'S STUDIO.

out its merits to the Prince of Wales; and the Prince himself is reported as having admired it enthusiastically.

LITERARY.

Mr. Charles Lanman has done excellent service in his Dictionary of Congress, published by Lippincott. The design of the work is to furnish, briefly, the prominent facts in the life of each member of the American Congress, from the earliest dates to the present time. To this is added a succinct appendix, containing a manual of reference for the use of any one who wishes to know any thing relating to the various departments of the United States Government and their successive incumbents, the courts of the United States and their judges, the States and their governors, with much similar information well arranged and easy of reference.

In the biographical portion of his work, Mr. Lanman seems to have escaped the ordinary error of fulsome praise bestowed on special favorites. He gives facts, and leaves comments for the reader. Hence his book is peculiarly valuable. We feel that we can rely on it; and while we seek elsewhere for the opinions of men on the lives and acts of Congressmen, we shall always turn to this book to be informed simply who the man was and what he did to make his name known in his country. Mr. Lanman has long been esteemed one of our most graceful writers, and in this new department of literature makes his ability equally manifest. The book will take its place as a standard work. It is an octavo, well printed on substantial paper.

One of the most superb books of the year is the first issue of the new publishing house of S. A. Rollo & Co., in this city. Wall Street to Cashmere is the narrative of Mr. John B. Ireland's travels, profusely and elegantly illustrated, forming a most elegant octavo, with some ninety or more illustrations on wood from sketches by the author. The efforts of type and wood cutting can hardly exceed this specimen, and we congratulate the publishers on the impression their first book will create. Mr. Ireland has been something of a rover. The narrative, or the extracts from his journal which compose the major part of the volume, take us from Denmark to Russia, Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt, back through the Holy Land and thence to France and Spain, through Europe again to Constantinople, and then to the sites of the Seven Churches in Asia Minor, across the Isthmus of Suez, up the Indian Ocean, through India, visiting probably more parts of it than were ever before seen by any one man, and roving here and there in the Australian seas. On the whole the book covers more ground than any one volume of travels we have read; and, as might be expected, Mr. Ireland's notes are brief, and even meagre, in some places where we could wish them to be more full. He gives us but the notes of a passing traveler in most of the countries which he visited, and these only serve to whet the appetite for fuller accounts of his adventures. His drawings are the most valuable portion of the work. These in many instances serve to give us ideas we have often wanted in relation to the far East. The portions of the work relating to India are more full and elaborate than the other parts, and furnish many new points of information to the reader.

Virtue, Emmins, & Co. send out the first number of a new serial publication, The Battles of America by Sea and Land, to be illustrated with steel plate engravings, and to be edited by Dr. Robert Tomes. The name of Dr. Tomes is sufficient to insure the literary character of the work, of which the first number is an excellent commencement. The engraving of the Battle of Bunker Hill is spirited and artistic, and the title-page engraving of the Battle of Plattsburg equally perfect as a work of art. It is the intention of the publishers to make the volume a complete military and naval history of the country. We can certify to our readers that Dr. Tomes is abundantly able to do this work in the most admirable manner. There is every reason to suppose it will be a very elegant and valuable addition to the drawing-room as well as the library table.

Messrs. Bangs, Merwin, & Co. announce a sale of coins and medals for the 4th and 5th of May. These gentlemen have already taken the position in America which is occupied by Sotheby & Wilkinson in London as auctioneers. Their sales of articles of *vertu* are specially to be observed, since, in such matters, it is of great importance to know the character of the sellers, and that their statements can be relied on. This sale offers fewer coins than their late catalogue of Mr. Bogert's collection, but it contains some very interesting articles, and will command attention.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Amateur" (Lockport). A Pawn can not be taken in passing excepting on the first move after so passing. The circumstances under which such captures are then made are as follow: Supposing that you have a Pawn at the fifth square of any one file, and your adversary has an unmoved Pawn on an adjoining file, and that he advances such Pawn two squares, it is at your option to capture him; in which case you remove his Pawn and place your own on the square over which he has leaped. We never examine Problems when not sent on Diagrams; but do not think it likely, as you are so little acquainted with the principles of the game, that yours would exactly suit our book.——S. P. (Lockport). Solution quite right, also your Problem—the latter, however, is not available for our use.——Solutions to Problem XX. are before us from D. J. W. (Elgin County, Canada West), Kalamazoo Chess Club, J. P. (Baltimore), S. P., I. R. J., and C. T.——A. R. (Fairmount, Va.). The Pawn is certainly *liable* to be taken under the circumstances you name; but it is of course optional with the player whether to take or no.——Additional solutions to sundry Problems are to hand from R. R. (Georgetown, Ky.), P. M. W. (Auburn), and "Curiosity" (Mattawan, Mich.).——E. B. C. (Hoboken) is thanked for the contribution of a very pretty four-move Problem, which shall appear next week: as to other matters, he will hear through the mail.——From "Micipsa" (whoever he may be), of Lockport, we have likewise to acknowledge the receipt of sundry Chess stratagems, which are on file for examination—as also pleasing intelligence as to the prosperity of the Lockport Club. It appears that the President, Mr. James Ferguson, and several other members of the L. C. C. are in the habit of practicing blindfold play with much success.

PROBLEM XXIII.

BY "PATTERSON," OF PHILADELPHIA.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

Problem XIX.—The question involved in this Problem, as a large number of our readers and correspondents are already aware, is simply whether or no a player, having successfully navigated a Pawn to the opposite square of the chess-board, can be *compelled* to exchange such Pawn for a superior piece? The very few instances wherein it would best suit his owner to allow the Pawn to remain a Pawn, or, as would appear more consonant with the written laws of the game, to exchange him for another Pawn, has probably been the means of keeping this subject out of the arena of discussion. In the position given here, however, if Black be not so compelled, not only can he prevent the mate from being given within the number of moves stipulated for, but he will inevitably obtain a drawn game.

On the subject in question we have so large a number of communications that our correspondents must excuse our giving them, individually, further notice than to state that, one and all, they agree in the opinion that the promotion of the Pawn is compulsory. For our own part, if the law be so interpreted, we must say that we consider it unreasonable and in direct contravention of the spirit of Chess.

The solution of Problem XIX. is given as follows:

White.	Black.
1. P to K B 6	P to Q Kt 7
2. R to Q Kt	P takes R, becomes Queen, etc. (*)
3. Kt to K Kt 7	Any thing
4. Kt to K 8 checkmate	

(*) It will be observed that Black would be here *stalemated* should he not be forced to exchange his Pawn for a superior piece.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XXII.

White.	Black.
1. R to Q 6	K takes R (*)
2. Kt to Q B 7	Any thing
3. Q checkmates	
1. (*)	P to Kt 4
2. Q to Q 4 (ch)	K moves
3. Kt P checkmates	

Paul Morphy in Paris.—The following is the sixth game occurring in the late match played in Paris between Mr. Paul Morphy and Mr. Mongredien, of London:

(*Irregular Opening.*)

White (*Mr. Mor.*)	Black (*Mr. Mon.*)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4 (*a*)
3. P takes P (*b*)	P to K 5
4. Q to K 2	Q to K 2
5. Kt to Q 4	Q to K 4
6. Kt to Kt 5	B to Q 3
7. P to Q 4	Q to K 2 (*c*)
8. P to Q B 4 (*d*)	B to Kt 5 (ch)
9. B to Q 2	B takes B (ch)
10. Kt takes B	P to Q R 3
11. Kt to Q B 3	P to K B 4
12. Castles	Kt to K B 3
13. R to K	Castles
14. P to K B 3	P to Q Kt 4
15. P takes K P	P takes K P
16. Q Kt takes K P	P takes P
17. Q takes P	K to R
18. B to Q 3	B to Kt 2
19. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
20. K R to B	Q to Q
21. R takes R (ch)	Q takes R
22. Q to Q Kt 4	

Black resigns.

Notes.

(*a*) This style of defense is rarely adopted by good players in match games.

(*b*) Preferable to taking with Knight.

(*c*) Fearing the attack which White would obtain by playing P to Q B 4 should he now take Pawn.

(*d*) Having a clear Pawn and at least an equal game in other respects, White's game may be now considered as already won.

Chess in India.—Runchunder, the great Indian player, continues to give Mr. V. Green, a European player of some status, the odds of Pawn and move.

In Australia a match by telegraph has been just decided between Georgetown and Hobart-town. The players of the latter place were victorious.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE TRIAL OF DANIEL E. SICKLES.

THE CASE GIVEN TO THE JURY.

In our last number we gave the evidence in rebuttal. Speeches were then made by the prosecution and the defense; we make no extracts, as the case has already occupied too much of our space. The Judge's instructions were brief; he allowed those of the prosecution and several of the points for the defense. The case was then, by mutual consent, given to the jury without further argument.

THE SUSPENSE.

The correspondent of the Associated Press telegraphed:

"The retiring of the jury, at 1.50, was the signal for throwing off the restraint which had up to this time weighed upon every one in court. Lawyers, officers, spectators and all, seemed to think themselves at liberty to talk as much as they pleased, and to give vent to their feelings and impressions. All got to their feet and indulged in conversation. Many crowded around the dock to cheer and support Mr. Sickles in this the pregnant moment of his fate. Among those who gathered around Mr. Sickles was an estimable clergyman of this city, the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, who, taking Mr. Sickles by the hand, said, 'Sir, I have come to express to you my heartfelt sympathy, and to say that if the voice of the people of this city could speak at this moment your acquittal would be instantaneous. In case, however, an adverse verdict should be rendered, be assured that you have hearts around you, and mine not the least warm of them, to sustain you in your affliction.' Mr. Sickles was much moved by this incident, and expressed his thanks as well as his emotion would permit him.

"As the time wore on the noise and confusion grew greater, and the Judge, in a good-natured manner, remarked that, although under the circumstances he could not expect the audience to keep silence, he hoped there would be a slight regard exhibited for the place where they were.

THE VERDICT.

"The door is opened. The Deputy Marshal calls out to make room for the Jury. In they come, one by one, and proceed to take their seats in the box. There is one general movement in the Court-room to get a look at their faces. All restraint is forgotten. Benches, and forms, and tables are mounted by the most excited or most venturesome. 'Here they come,' is heard hurriedly spoken on all sides. Then there is a succession of cries of 'Down in front,' 'Get off the benches,' 'Sit down,' 'Silence in Court,' 'Order,' 'Order.' But it seems impossible to restore order till the Judge directs the Clerk to call the names of the Jury. The uproar instantly subsides, and as the Clerk calls the Jurors, and they severally respond, one of the officers calls out the number. When the twelfth name is called and responded to, a pin might be heard to drop in the suddenly-stilled Court.

"The Jury are all standing.

"Clerk. 'Daniel E. Sickles, stand up and look to the Jury.'

"Mr. Sickles stood up.

"Clerk. 'How say you, gentlemen; have you agreed to your verdict?'

"Mr. Arnold. 'We have.'

"Clerk. 'How say you; do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?'

"Mr. Arnold. 'Not guilty!'

"As these words fell from the lips of the foreman, there was one loud, wild, thrilling, tumultuous hurrah sent up by the spectators; cheer after cheer resounded in the Court-room, and it was taken up by the multitude on the outside and repeated. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and there was one general rush for the dock.

"In the midst of the uproar the stentorian voice of Mr. Stanton was heard addressing the Court in these words: 'I move that Mr. Sickles be discharged from custody.'

"Marshal Selden. 'Come to order, gentlemen; come to order. This a place where there should be no noise.'

"No one paid any attention to the Marshal.

"Mr. Stanton (*boiling over with excitement*). 'In the name of Mr. Sickles and of his Counsel, I desire to return thanks to the Jury.'

"Judge Crawford (*who appeared to be the only person in Court not excited*). 'Mr. Stanton, wait till the verdict is recorded.'

"Mr. Stanton. 'Of course, your Honor; you must excuse excitement on this occasion.'

"Clerk (*to the Jury*). 'Your record is, gentlemen, that you find Daniel E. Sickles "NOT GUILTY."'

"The Jury nodded affirmatively.

"Clerk. 'And so say you all.'

"Another affirmative nod from the Jury.

"Mr. Stanton. 'I now move that Mr. Sickles be discharged from custody.'

"Judge Crawford. 'The Court so orders.'

"Mr. Stanton (*turning round*). 'Now go it.'

SICKLES'S TRIUMPHAL EXIT.

"Mr. Sickles, amidst the renewed cheers of the audience, was taken out of the dock by Captain Wiley and Mr. Brega, the former, who is one of Mr. Sickles's most devoted friends, kissed him at the moment of his deliverance, and held fast by him as they tried to make their way to the door. It was slow work, for congratulations, earnest, loud, and frankly expressed, saluted Mr. Sickles at all points.

"Finally, by dint of much crushing and great exertion, a passage to the door was effected, and as soon as Mr. Sickles was recognized from the outside the cheers were again taken up.

"Mr. Shaw, of the *Herald*, had rushed down to the National Hotel as soon as the jury returned, and, jumping on the driver's box, drove up a hack to the Court-house. All the hackmen on the stand and at Brown's Hotel followed his example, and there was nearly a score of carriages at the City Hall as Mr. Sickles came out.

"The news ran like wild-fire through the city, and from all sides crowds were hurrying to the City Hall. The excitement was as intense as it was instantaneous.

"As Mr. Sickles stepped down the stone stairs of the City Hall, surrounded and supported by his immediate personal friends, he was enthusiastically cheered, and loud calls were made upon him for a speech.

"With considerable exertion, for he was fast becoming faint, he was got into one of the numerous carriages in waiting. In the same carriage were Messrs. Graham, Wiley, and Brown, of New York. A movement was made by the crowd to take the horses out of the carriage and to draw it themselves, but the movement was detected in time and prevented. Finally the carriage drove away, followed by many others, and by an immense crowd.

HOW THE COUNSEL BORE THEMSELVES.

"The emotions of the Counsel, when the Jury returned their verdict, were manifested in various ways. Mr. Brady, in spite of all his experience as a criminal lawyer, became pale, nervous, and agitated; Mr. Stanton, unable to repress the emotions of his big heart, is described as having almost rivaled David when he danced before the ark of the Tabernacle; the usual stolidity of Mr. Phillips gave way, and, covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child; Messrs. Magruder, Ratcliffe, and Chilton pressed forward and greeted their liberated client; Mr. Meagher, in the exuberance of his heart, clapped people on the back, and asked if it was not 'glorious;' Mr. Graham was passive and indemonstrative, but was one of the first to welcome back his client to freedom; the District Attorney said, 'he thought it would be so,' and his associate, Mr. Carlisle, avoided the scene. As to the jailer, he wept deeply, and could not understand Mr. Meagher when he condoled with him on losing his tenant."

WHAT THE JURY SAID.

"Nine or ten of the jurors came to Mr. Brady's parlor at the National, after all was over, and there, in the freedom of unrestrained conversation, expressed their real sentiments. One of them, Mr. M'Dermott, said: 'I want you, Sir, to tell the people of New York, that the citizens of Washington are not behind those of any other part of the country in devotion to the family altar;' and yet this juror was spoken of all through the trial as one who would probably dissent from the rest.

"Another of the jurors, a young man named Knight, brought with him his fiddle, with which he had been in the habit of solacing himself and fellows during the long evenings of their seclusion, and played several airs. He, too, had been regarded with suspicion because of certain Know Nothing antecedents. 'But,' says Mr. Brady, 'if we had known that he played the fiddle we might have made our minds easy, for no fiddler was ever known to find a conviction of murder.'

"The foreman, Mr. Arnold, said that his only fear had been that his health might not last him throughout the trial, and that he hoped that his latest posterity would honor his memory, from his having served on this jury. In fact the sentiments of the jury, individually expressed in this unrestrained conversation, were but a familiar and homely illustration of their formal verdict of Not Guilty.

"It is said that when the jury retired, one of them withdrew into a corner, and on his knees invoked Divine guidance; got up, entered into conversation, again retired to the corner, and finally rose with his mind fully made up in favor of acquittal.

"Mr. Hopkins, another of the jury, and the wag and mimic among them, expressing himself in regard to the justification of Mr. Sickles, said he would not for himself have been satisfied with a Derringer or revolver, but would have brought a howitzer to bear on the seducer.

THE SERENADES.

"The Counsel of Mr. Sickles that night were complimented by a serenade, and a large crowd gathered in front of the National Hotel, where Messrs. Brady, Stanton, Magruder, and Chilton briefly returned thanks. The last-named gentleman requested the assemblage to forego their intention to serenade Mr. Sickles. He added, that it was only necessary to say that Mr. Sickles wished to retire to rest undisturbed, and that he was sure this appeal would be respected. Messrs. Graham and Thomas F. Meagher were loudly called for, but were not present. The crowd then proceeded to serenade Rev. Dr. Haley and the jurors."

THE LADY WITH THE PISTOL.

The Newark *Mercury* says: "A gentleman residing near Caldwell, while driving from this city to his home, one dark night, not long since, overtook on the road a young lady, who was walking toward Bloomfield. He invited her to get in and ride, and inquired the cause of her being out alone at that time of the night. She replied that she had arrived in Newark too late for the stage to Bloomfield, where she was going to visit some friends, and had concluded, as the distance was not great, to walk out there rather than to remain in the city. The gentleman then asked her if she was not afraid to be alone on the public highway, and at that hour, and on such a dark night. 'Oh, no!' she replied, 'I have carried a pistol for two years past, and am never afraid.' The gentleman looked at the speaker, and saw she was not only young, but fair, and came to the conclusion that her education had been somewhat different from that of our city belles, who think it an awful matter to be left alone for half a minute in the middle of a room. The young lady, the gentleman learned, is of the highest respectability, and had come from Pennsylvania to visit her friends here alone. She was doubtless well able to take care of herself."

SERIOUS DISTURBANCES IN UTAH.

Advices from Utah to the 2d of April confirm the telegraphic reports of serious disturbances in the Territory. The immediate cause of the recent outbreak seems to have been the act of Judge Cradlebaugh, of the United States District Court, in requesting the assistance of the troops to enforce the laws. Governor Cumming issued a proclamation on the 27th March, censuring this proceeding of the Judge. The Judge retorted in open court, on the following day, by declaring the falsity of the Governor's statements. An extra of the Deseret *News* of the 2d April announces an unsuccessful search of a Company of United States Dragoons for some criminals, who had been effectually concealed by the Mormons.

RECEPTION OF THE ENVOY OF THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT OF MEXICO.

Señor Mata was, on 28th, formally presented to the President by Secretary Cass as the representative of the Liberal Government in Mexico. In presenting his credentials he made a formal address, in which he conveyed the sentiments of friendship and high regard which the Constitutional Government and the people of Mexico felt for the United States, and assured the President of a sincere desire to promote a closer intimacy between the two countries. In reply, the President said that the Government and people of the United States regarded with the deepest concern the events transpiring in Mexico, and desired the establishment of such relations as would enable the two countries to live on terms of peace and good neighborhood. He also expressed his gratification that the Constitutional Government had triumphed over Miramon. The interview was of a highly gratifying character.

WATER IN BROOKLYN.

The Nassau Water Celebration in Brooklyn, on 28th, was a very grand affair, and passed off with great *éclat*. The proceedings during the day were long and imposing, and the fire-works in the evening extremely brilliant. It is said that 150,000 persons crossed the Brooklyn ferries during the day, in addition to the usual travel.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

We learn by telegraph that Parliament had unanimously voted thanks to the civil and military officers and the army in India for the suppression of the rebellion. Lord Canning gets an earldom. Parliament would be dissolved about the 21st.

THE DISSOLUTION.

The general impression after the great debate in the House of Commons on the Government Reform Bill was, that the Ministry would resign—that they could not keep their places after so decided an expression of opinion on the part of the representatives of the nation. During the discussion Ministers repeatedly declared that the carrying of Lord John Russell's resolution would be regarded by them in the light of a vote of censure—which means, in the popular acceptation, a change of Government. Such was the judgment arrived at before Lord Palmerston made his famous bantering speech, in which, with the bitterest irony, he condemned the Ministers to keep their places, and do the bidding of the Opposition—"our bidding," as the facetious Viscount sarcastically expressed it. Lord Palmerston intimated that he would not allow them to dissolve or to resign—he insisted on their remaining to carry out a better Reform Bill, so as to make the position of their successors easy and satisfactory. When the House divided, Mr. Disraeli, its leader, moved the adjournment until Monday—an interval of three clear days—in order to afford time to Lord Derby and his colleagues to determine upon the course they would pursue in the face of the hostile vote. Accordingly, on the day fixed Mr. Disraeli informed the House of Commons, and the Premier the Peers, that they had resolved on appealing to the country—to take the sense of the constituencies on the factious course to which they had been subjected by the Opposition, composed of the most heterogeneous materials, and united on no one subject save enmity toward her Majesty's Government, and that the Queen had sanctioned the act. The Right Hon. gentleman added that the prorogation, previous to the dissolution, would take place about the time it was usual to adjourn for the Easter holidays; so that England will be in the midst of a general election in a fortnight or three weeks from the present time. The borough elections, it is now said, will all occur in the week which precedes Easter, and the county elections during Easter week—a rapidity of movement in a matter of this kind which is almost without a parallel in modern times.

THE PRINCESS ALICE.

The *Court Journal* says: "This season will be distinguished by the formal *entrée* of the Princess Alice into the *beau monde*. After her confirmation, which takes place this Easter at Windsor, the presence of the Princess may be looked for at the following Drawing-room. Her Royal Highness is already quite as tall as the Princess Royal, and bears a striking resemblance to the Queen. The Princess has won golden opinions from her tutors and governesses; and, indeed, it is difficult to exaggerate the high terms in which every one at all qualified to form an opinion speaks of the character and attainments of this most charming Princess."

DUEL BETWEEN AN AMERICAN AND A RUSSIAN.

The Brighton *Examiner* says: "The following communication, addressed to us some days ago, is vouched for by the name and address of the gentleman who sent it: 'A duel was fought on the Downs, near Brighton, yesterday morning, between a young American gentleman (for the past year resident in Brighton) and a Russian officer, lately *attaché* in the Legation at Washington. The result may interest one or two of your readers who were present when the challenge—sent by the former—was provoked. After one ineffectual fire, he was shot in the pistol-hand, when the seconds interfered and an explanation, before refused, was tendered by the opposite party and admitted.'"

FRANCE.

WAR PROSPECTS.

The news continues threatening. The negotiations for the Congress were progressing slowly. Austria positively refuses to take part therein without previous simultaneous disarming.

The latest complexion of affairs is warlike. Paris letters regard peace as hopeless. The movements of the French troops had assumed most threatening proportions, and preparations otherwise continued.

The *Patrie* nevertheless asserts that France is not armed.

Austria's propositions in regard to the Congress are said to be unacceptable to France, which is not prepared to take the field for a month or six weeks. Napoleon consequently seeks delay.

A MILLIONAIRE'S JOKE.

One of the visitors who thronged the ante-chambers of Count Cavour, when in Paris, was Baron de Rothschild. The Hebrew magnate was received with all the courtesy which success always commands in this world. After the first greetings the facetious Piedmontese Minister said, "Well, M. de Rothschild, would you not be enchanted to learn that I had tendered my resignation? You would see the funds rise at least 3 per cent. in one day." The Baron responded, "Oh, my dear Count, you are worth more than that; we should hail your fall with a rise of 4 per cent. at least."

A NEW SECT OF CHRISTIANS.

A Paris correspondent writes: "A curious new sect of Christians, to whom we have before alluded, called Transmigrationists, have of late become very numerous in France. Quite different from the Mormons, their character is highly moral, and their creed Christian, only they include all animals in their idea of universal morality. They profess to believe that being changed after death into some animal will be their purgatory. In Germany their increase is immense."

TERRIBLE ADVENTURE IN A CAVE.

The *Droit* has the following story: "At Trassanel, near Carcassonne (Aude), is, in the midst of the mountains, a grotto of great beauty, and near it are several openings in the ground of great depth. A few days ago a shepherd boy, in passing one of them, threw in a stone, and, to his astonishment, the fall of it was followed by a long moan. At first he was greatly frightened, popular superstition representing the place to be haunted; but summoning up his courage he threw in another stone, which was also followed by a moan from below; then placing himself flat on the ground, he extended his head over the opening, and having cried out to the person below, heard inarticulate cries responding. Convinced that some one was below, he summoned a number of villagers, and they, placing a long beam across the orifice, let down a rope. When the rope had descended about sixty metres they perceived that it was seized. They called to the person below, but could not understand his answers; and, finding that something had been attached to the rope, they proceeded to draw it up slowly. They found suspended to it a young man, named Vergues, belonging to the village. He was in such a pitiable state that he could scarcely reply to the questions put to him, and was conveyed home. Next morning he had recovered sufficiently to state that, two days before, as he was going from Trassanel to Cartaus, he suddenly received two blows on the head, which stunned him. What then took place he could not say, but when he recovered a certain degree of consciousness he found himself in darkness and sore in every limb. Looking up he perceived daylight at a great height from him, and perceived that he was in some kind of pit. He was afraid to move, and felt convinced that it was useless to call out for help. His situation was, consequently, truly horrible. He, however, remained in that situation until rescued in the manner described above. The magistrates of the district immediately commenced an investigation into this extraordinary affair, and they have caused two brothers, named Griffie, to be arrested."

A SOMNAMBULIST CAUGHT.

The *Express* correspondent says: "A certain pythoness, who has established her sorcery shop in the most aristocratic quarter of Paris, the Faubourg Saint Germain, is absolutely overrun with visitors, of whom not a few belong to the refined and intelligent class.

"The other evening, this somnambulist, and the prodigies which she is said to have accomplished, became the subject of conversation in an elegant Parisian drawing-room. The mistress of the house, herself a warm partisan of the gipsy, observed that one gentleman present listened to the strange stories related of the fortune-teller's wonderful powers without either giving in his adhesion or intimating his incredulity. Much intrigued by this attitude of non-committalism, the lady at last turned to the silent listener with the remark:

"'I suppose you don't believe these stories, Captain?'

"'Well, madam,' replied the other, 'I do not pretend to explain that which may be inexplicable; but I look upon the marvelous much in the same light as did St. Thomas.'

"'That is to say,' returned the lady, 'in order to believe, you must first see? Very good; accompany me to-morrow, and you *shall* see, you shall hear, you shall judge for yourself.'

"'May I be permitted to take an active part in the trial?'

"'Certainly.'

"'Then I will be most happy to be convinced.'

"The next day the two visited the sorceress in renown.'

"'I am about to be married,' said the gentleman, without further preface, 'I should like you to plunge your investigating eye upon my person, and inform me if my sanitary state is satisfactory; if no deformity exists; if no loss has occurred.'

"The somnambulist, after closely scrutinizing her interrogator, replied, 'I see nothing in you, Sir, to cause the slightest anxiety.'

"'Look carefully.'

"'I have done so.'

"'The box is sound and unhurt?'

"'Perfectly.'

"'No imperfections?'

"'None whatever.'

"'You hear, madam?' said the gentleman, turning to the lady who had suggested the experiment. 'It appears to me almost time to put an end to this nonsense.' Then addressing the somnambulist, he continued: 'I am Captain V. I have left a leg in Africa, and a hand in the Crimea. Look!' And the officer stamped upon the floor with his false foot, and rapped upon the table with a mechanical hand, neatly gloved.

"Thereupon the somnambulist observed that she felt very unwell that morning, begged her visitors to excuse her, and disappeared."

THE PRINCE OF OUDE BEHIND THE SCENES.

He adds: "The young Prince of Oude is just now the object of public attention and curiosity in Paris. He has taken a lease of the hotel formerly occupied by the banker Lafitte, and lives in a style of genuine Oriental magnificence. Not long since he made his appearance in a box at the Grand Opera literally covered with diamonds from head to foot. Seldom have so many lorgnettes been leveled at one individual, and he merely a spectator like the rest. But the Prince of Oude is a right royal looking personage, and would deserve to be stared at even were he dressed less like a shrine. So, then, if you add to his natural graces the additional charms of a costume really superb, you can readily conceive what an excitement this extraordinary visitor must have created in a crowded opera house. Between the acts of 'Herculaneum,' officious chaperons introduced the Indian Prince behind the scenes; and his presence in the green room amidst the damsels of the ballet produced even a more powerful effect than on the other side of the footlights. What glances of tender admiration were bestowed upon —his diamonds! Did the Prince preserve his coolness, exposed to so dangerous a battery of smiles and eloquent looks? Not wishing to compromise either the parties concerned or myself, I guard a discreet silence upon this subject, and do not say whether he came forth unscathed from the furnace or not. I may venture, though, to remark that the illustrious stranger is vastly pleased with Parisian life, and has set to work to study minutely all its phases. He is said frequently to visit, incognito, the balls and concerts of Paris, the minor theatres, and other places of public amusement, frequented by people against whom it would be unprofitable to jostle attired in his garb of ceremony."

A BOY BROUGHT UP AS A GIRL.

In May, 1851, a woman, named Deville, and her daughter Catherine, aged thirteen, were taken before the Tribunal of Correctional Police of Montbrison for mendicity. The woman was condemned to a certain period of imprisonment, and the girl was ordered to be detained in a House of Correction to the age of eighteen. The girl was sent to the asylum at Macon, and she there conducted herself remarkably well, and she was also noted for her good looks. She was taught sewing and female works, and could earn her living as a dress-maker. At the expiration of five years she was discharged. Three weeks back the gendarmerie of Chazelle-sur-Lyon (Loire) arrested a female and a young man as vagabonds. The female said that her name was Dubuisson, and the young man gave his as Catherine Deville. "Catherine!" cried the gendarme; "why, how can you be named Catherine, when you are not only dressed in man's clothes, but have a mustache and beard?" The person persisted in saying that he was a man, and yet was named Catherine, and the gens d'armes, unable to elucidate the mystery, referred the matter to the law authorities at Montbrison. In answer to questions, the young man related that he had been christened by the name of Catherine, and had been brought up as a girl—first to the age of thirteen by his mother, and afterward to the age of eighteen in the asylum at Macon; and that some months after leaving the latter place he had discovered that he was not dressed according to his sex, and had, therefore, assumed man's attire. As to the mendicity of which he had been guilty, he excused himself by saying that the only trade he had been taught was that of dress-maker, but that it was impossible for a man to get his living at such a calling. The chaplain and the sisters of the asylum at Macon having been communicated with, expressed unbounded astonishment at learning that Catherine Deville, in whom they had taken so much interest, was a man. Being tried for mendicity before the Tribunal of Correctional Police of Montbrison, he was condemned to five months' imprisonment. The young man has now dropped the name of Catherine, and taken that of Antoine.

THE BLACK DOCTOR ON THE DECLINE.

The *Express* correspondent says:

"Vries" (of whom we gave a portrait recently) "does not seem to be afflicted with too much modesty. He has published an anonymous pamphlet, known to have been written under his own dictation, called the 'Truth with regard to the Black Doctor,' in which complacent praises of his system and himself are lavished unsparingly from beginning to end. In reply to this, M. Fauvel, one of Dr. Velpeau's pupils, has written a scorching review, entitled 'The real Truth with regard to the Black Doctor,' and handles that worthy without gloves. He commences by stating that Vries made his medical *début* at Rio Janeiro, where he pretended to cure the yellow fever, and in a short time became so obnoxious to the population of that city that he was obliged to take a sudden departure from the country. Respecting the assertion that Vries is a regular physician, and took his degree at Leyden, Fauvel avers that such is not the fact, that Vries never studied at Leyden, nor any where else, and that since he has been at the Charity, the Black Doctor has shown, a hundred times, the grossest ignorance of medical science. Respecting his mysterious remedies, Fauvel states that in London they consisted of nothing but aloes leaves steeped in rum, as attested by a letter from Dr. Cooke, Surgeon of the London Cancer Hospital. At Paris the famous pills are composed of nitrate of potash and sugar—a careful analysis of them having been made by M. Reynaud, chief pharmacian of the Charity. Respecting the miraculous cure of Levy (one of the cases which has been much talked of), Fauvel declares that he visited the patient on the 2d instant, that the malady was then making its usual progress, and that eight days subsequently Levy *died*. Respecting the cure of Sax, the most famous case of all, commented upon by every newspaper in Paris, and celebrated by a grand banquet, the terrible and remorseless Fauvel asserts that Sax is *not* cured, and that certain marks remain of the disease, liable to again break out at any time. In London Dr. Cooke confided six patients to the Black Doctor's care, all of whom died; and at the hospital of Saint Louis, in this city, Dr. Bazin permitted him to experiment during an entire year, not a single case having been cured at the end of that time. Of the twelve cancer patients now under Vries's charge at the Charity two state that they are better, though the tumors have increased; three have neither improved nor grown worse; six are worse, and one is dead.

"Vries seems determined to make hay while the sun shines. I have been informed by competent authority that his private practice is worth fully six hundred thousand francs, or $120,000 per annum—and this is, if any thing, beneath the real amount. Sax paid fees to the amount of $10,000 for his treatment. The Black Doctor, before undertaking a case, stipulates that, in the event of a cure, he is to receive 40,000 francs, and 10,000 francs to make the attempt, whether successful or not. At this rate there appears to be rather a slender chance for the majority of people afflicted with cancer."

AUSTRIA.

THE AUSTRIAN ANSWER TO RUSSIA.

Count Buol-Schauenstein has addressed to M. de Balabine a note in reply to the Russian overtures on the subject of Italy. The Austrian answer, dated Vienna, March 23, 1859, is as follows:

"The undersigned, etc., has hastened to submit to the Emperor his august master the proposal which M. de Balabine, etc., has made to him in the name of his Court, by communicating to him a telegram from Prince Gortschakoff, under date of 21st (9th), d. c. (21st of March), in which it is said that the Emperor Alexander, desiring by a supreme effort to insure the maintenance of peace, proposes the meeting of a Congress of the great Powers, which should endeavor to adjust the Italian complications, and that that proposition has been already accepted by the Governments of France, Great Britain, and Prussia.

"In execution of the orders of his Imperial Majesty, the undersigned has the honor to make known to M. de Balabine the following reply, which he requests him to bring to the cognizance of his court:

"Appreciating at their just value the sentiments which have inspired to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias the overture he has made him make, and desiring to lend his concurrence to a work which must sanction anew the engagements consigned in treaties, and the totality of rights deriving therefrom, the Emperor Francis Joseph accepts on his part the proposition in question.

"In the opinion of the Imperial Cabinet, the whole difficulty resides in the political system which Sardinia follows in her foreign relations. To put an end to this state of things, which alarms Europe, and to prevent its return, such appears to be the task reserved to the Powers called upon in the first rank to uphold social order.

"If, however, besides this question, which the undersigned considers as the only one essentially important for the moral pacification of Italy, it should enter into the intentions of the Powers to bring forward others for discussion, it would be necessary that they should be exactly stated beforehand, and, insomuch as they should touch upon the internal *régime* of other sovereign States, the undersigned could not dispense with insisting above all things that the mode of proceeding in this case should be conformable to the rules formulated by the protocol of Aix-la-Chapelle, under date of Nov. 15, 1818.

"In conclusion, the undersigned must lay stress on a last consideration. To wish to open peaceful deliberations in presence of the clang of arms and of the preparations for war would be not only materially dangerous, but morally impossible. It is therefore indispensable, according to the opinion of the Imperial Cabinet, which the undersigned does not doubt will be shared by all the Powers, that previously to all conference Sardinia must disarm.

"The undersigned remains, etc."

THE AUSTRIAN ANSWER TO ENGLAND.

The following is a copy of a note from Count Buol to Lord A. Loftus, dated Vienna, March 31, setting forth the Austrian conditions and the interpretation which Austria puts upon the bases of discussion:

"The undersigned, etc., hastens to acknowledge the receipt of the note which Lord A. Loftus has done him the honor to address to him under date of the 28th inst., and which contains the conditions upon which the Government of her Britannic Majesty is ready to accept the proposal of a Congress of the great Powers, which would take into consideration the complications which have arisen in Italy.

"The Britannic Government having, moreover, expressed the desire to see the Imperial Government acquiesce in those propositions, the undersigned has taken, on this subject, the orders of the Emperor, his august master.

"He finds himself to-day authorized to inform Lord A. Loftus that the Imperial Government, appreciating highly the motives which guide the British cabinet, and the sentiments of frank friendship by which it is animated toward Austria, accepts in the measure stated in the sheet hereto annexed the bases of discussion proposed by the note of his lordship.

"A fifth point of deliberation which he has thought fit to add, that of an agreement on a simultaneous disarming of the great Powers, will, he does not doubt, be accepted by all the Powers as a new proof of the pacific intentions of Austria.

"It results again, from the note of Lord A. Loftus, that if the Imperial Government accepts, on the conditions mentioned above, the proposal of a Congress, the British Government will invite that of France in a pressing manner to insist, in common with it, that Sardinia shall disarm at once, and to give it a collective guarantee for the fulfillment of the engagement taken toward it.

"This step, which the British Cabinet proposes to take in concert with the French Government, is the more conformable to the general interests, as it would be morally impossible, as the Imperial Government has already shown by its note addressed to M. de Balabine, bearing date the 23d inst., to carry on pacific deliberations in presence of the clang of arms. The undersigned must the more eagerly desire that these united efforts should have full and entire effect, as Austria could not present herself at the Congress until Sardinia shall have completed her disarmament, and shall have proceeded to the disbandment of the *corps francs*. These conditions, fulfilled and executed, the Imperial Government declares itself ready to give, in the most formal manner, the assurance that Austria will not attack Sardinia pending the duration of the Congress, as long as the latter shall respect the Imperial territory and that of its allies.

"In requesting Lord A. Loftus to bring the contents of this note to the knowledge of his Government, the undersigned takes advantage of, etc."

THE BASES OF NEGOTIATION.

ENGLISH PROPOSITIONS.	OBSERVATIONS OF THE CABINET OF VIENNA.
I. Means of assuring the maintenance of peace between Austria and Sardinia.	The Congress shall examine the means of bringing back Sardinia to the fulfillment of her international duties, and shall consider the measures to be taken to avoid the return of the present complication.
II. Evacuation of the Roman States by the foreign corps of occupation, and a taking into consideration of the reforms in the Italian States.	The question of the evacuation of the Pontifical States may be discussed. The Congress will leave the details of its execution to the three Powers directly interested. The question of the administrative reforms may be debated. An understanding may be come to on the advice to be given, but its definitive adoption remains subordinate to the decisions of the States directly interested.
III. A combination to be substituted for the special treaties between Austria and the Italian States.	The validity of our treaties can not be questioned; but if all the Powers represented at the Congress agree among them to produce their political treaties with the Italian States, Austria, on her part, will do the same. She will come to an understanding with the Government co-interested, to be able to present their common treaties to the Congress, and to examine in what measure their revision might be recognized as useful.
IV. Territorial arrangements and the treaties of 1815 shall not be touched.	Perfectly agreed that neither existing territorial engagements, nor the treaties of 1815, nor those concluded in execution of those acts, shall be touched.
	V. An understanding for a simultaneous disarming of the great Powers.

ITALY.

THE ITALIAN SPIRIT AROUSED.

A correspondent of the *Daily News*, who arrived in Florence on the 31st March, after a fortnight's journey by easy stages from Rome, through Terni, Perugia, and Arezzo, gives a striking description of the spirit which animates the people. He states that even from Rome, before his departure, it was computed that more than 300 volunteers had left the city for Genoa, although the cost of the journey per head is from 30s. to 50s. and each man has to be smuggled out by land or sea for the whole distance to and through the frontier. The same rush of volunteers was observable throughout the country. At Perugia, not only were there from fifteen to twenty departures of volunteers every night, but 300 papal carabineers, constituting the whole garrison of the town, were more eager to join in the march than the townspeople themselves, and were meditating a rush across country to Sienna and Leghorn, deserting with their arms and accoutrements, with flying standards and braying trumpets. The writer adds "I heard from the most credible authorities that 600 Swiss in the Pope's service at Forli have made earnest entreaties, both to the townspeople and to the Piedmontese consular agents, to help them with the means of deserting *en masse* and crossing over to Piedmont with all their *matériel de guerre*. I have also been assured on the same credible evidence that a band of Calabrians have made their way from their country to Piedmont, marching all along the crest of the Apennines, in spite of the snow still lingering on the mountains at this season." From Tuscany the exodus has been very large; but it would have been much greater if it had not been controlled and restrained by the leaders, who are anxious that there should be order and method in the departure.

MEXICO.

MORE COMPLICATIONS.

The intelligence from Mexico is of the highest interest. The dates from Vera Cruz are to the 22d, and from the City of Mexico to the 19th of April. The commander of the British squadron anchored at Sacrificios had demanded of President Juarez the payment of a million and a half of dollars upon the English debt, under penalty of a bombardment of the city. What action the Liberal Government had taken we are not advised. General Miramon, extricating himself from the Liberals at Cordoba, had made his way to the capital, where he had entered upon extremely arbitrary measures. Many foreign residents had been shot. A manifesto protesting against the American recognition of the Constitutional Government had been issued, and the *exequatur* of Mr. Black, our consul, having been withdrawn, he was ordered to quit the country. Of the progress of the leaguer of the city we have no advices.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Saturday, April* 30, 1859.

TRADE continues moderately active; the spring imports are falling off, and Southern purchasers are becoming rarer. There have been fewer Western buyers than usual, as was expected; but should the present crop prospect be maintained, the West will buy later in the season.

Money continues as cheap as at any time during the past year. Call loans are made at 4 per cent. on State and Government Stocks, and 4½ on railway property; first-class short paper goes at 4½ @ 5. Exchange on Europe is firm at 110 @ 110½ for sterling, and 5.10 @ 5.11¼ for francs.

Stocks are lower again. In the absence of public support the bear jobbers of Wall Street move Stocks up and down as they please; the past month or six weeks have witnessed a steady and general depression.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, April* 30, 1859.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been quite brisk for Flour, which has advanced....Grain has been very moderately dealt in....Provisions have been freely purchased. Pork has declined. Beef has increased in value ....Groceries have been in good demand at our revised quotations....Cotton is dull and lower....Hay has been in request at full rates....Hemp, Hides, Leather, Hops, Rice, Seeds, Tobacco, Naval Stores, Oils, and Tallow have been less sought after....The demand for Fish has been fair, and prices have favored sellers.... Wool attracts more attention at somewhat easier rates....The movements in Dry Goods have been quite limited. Prices of desirable fabrics, however, have been maintained....: The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $1,484,375 against $198,550 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $39,635,447 against $16,597,826 same time last year. The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Superfine State Flour, per barrel	$5 20	@	$5 60
Extra State Flour	6 00	@	6 50
Superfine Western	5 25	@	5 75
Low to Choice Extra Ohio	6 45	@	7 75
Extra Missouri,	6 80	@	9 00
Superfine Southern	6 15	@	6 60
Extra Southern	6 85	@	8 25
Superfine Rye Flour	3 60	@	3 80
Jersey Corn Meal	3 85	@	3 95
White Michigan Wheat, per bushel	1 50	@	1 70
White Southern Wheat	1 45	@	1 75
Red Western Wheat	1 45	@	1 47½
Milwaukee Club	1 00	@	1 30
Chicago Spring	90	@	1 05
New Yellow Corn	84	@	87
Rye	84	@	85
Barley	57½	@	80
Western Oats	55	@	58
State Oats	52½	@	55
Jersey and Pennsylvania Oats	50	@	53
Southern Oats	47	@	52
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12	@	12¼
New Mess Pork, per barrel	—	@	16 25
Prime Pork	12 75	@	12 87
Country Mess Beef	7 50	@	8 75
Hams, per pound	8½	@	9½
Shoulders	6¾	@	7
Lard	11¼	@	11¾
Fair to Prime State Butter	15	@	23
Ohio Butter	8½	@	13
Cheese	6	@	10
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 25	@	4 50
Rio Coffee, per pound	10½	@	12¼
New Orleans Sugar	5¼	@	7½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	38	@	40
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	60
Oolong Teas	30	@	65
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	—	@	25
Hops, Crop of 1858, per pound	9	@	15
Hay, Shipping lots, per 100 pounds	70	@	75
Tallow, per pound	—	@	10¼
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 90	@	3 95
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	52½	@	53
Tar, per barrel	2 25	@	2 62½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 67½	@	1 70
Linseed Oil, per gallon	63	@	65
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	5¼	@	13
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool	42½	@	65
" Pulled Wool	34	@	55

The Live Stock Markets have been more freely supplied with Beeves, which have declined slightly....Milch Cows and Veal Calves have been in moderate demand ....Sheep and Lambs have been more sought after.... Swine have been in limited request.

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

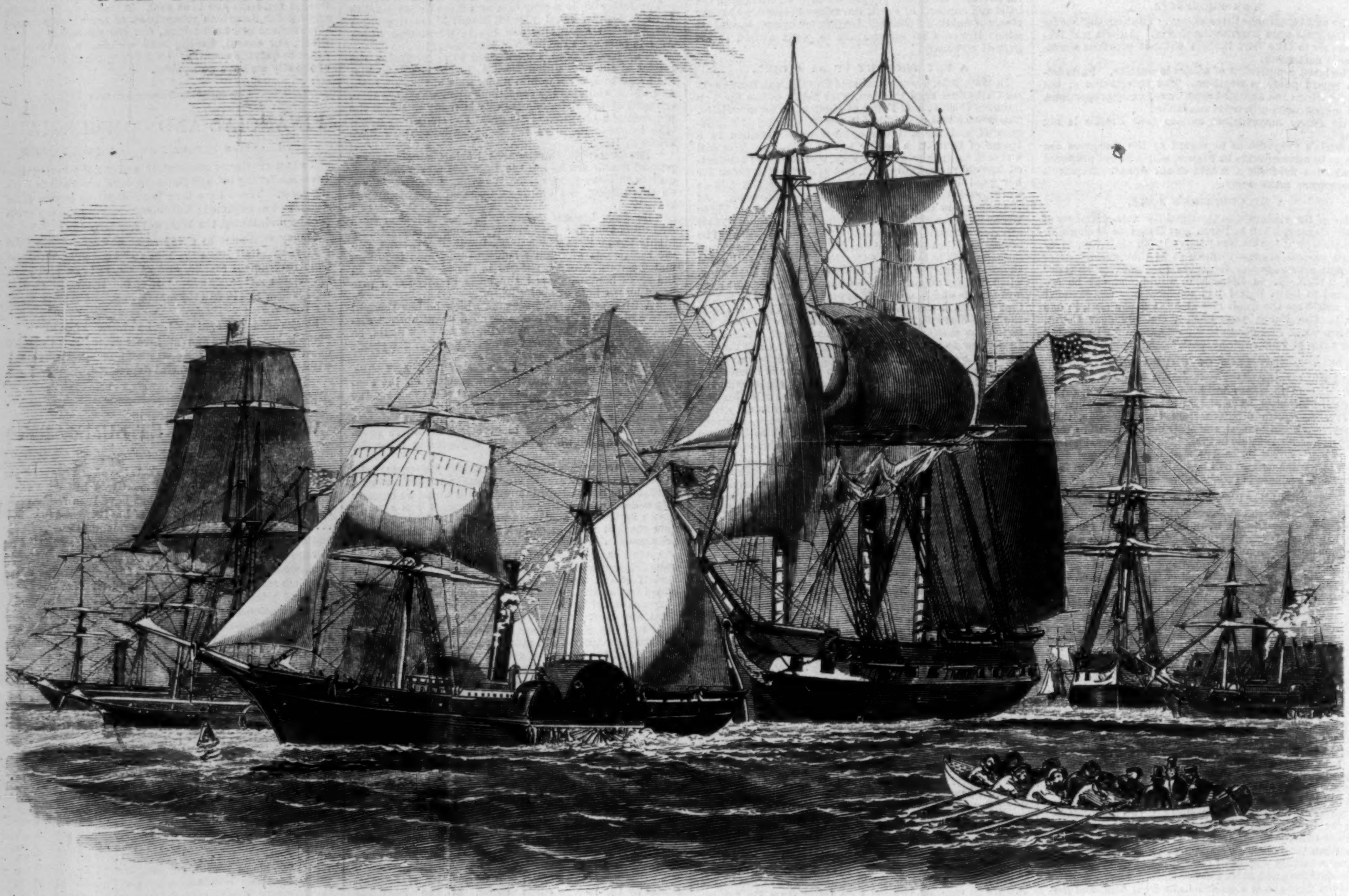
Ordinary to Premium Beeves, per pound	$ 8½	@	$ 12½
Fair to good Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	40 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4½	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	6 00
" " per pound	5	@	6½
Live Swine	5½	@	7¾
Dressed "	7½	@	8¾
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets exhibit no really new features. Supplies good; prices essentially unaltered.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$2 50	@	$6 00
Dried Apples, per pound	7½	@	8½
Dried Peaches, peeled	10	@	14
Pineapples, per 100	1 00	@	2 25
Potatoes, per barrel	1 12	@	2 25
Potatoes, new	4 50	@	—
Potatoes, sweet	4 00	@	—
Onions	3 50	@	5 00
Turnips	1 00	@	—
Parsnips	1 00	@	1 25
Beets	1 00	@	—
Carrots	1 00	@	1 25
Cabbage, new, per 100	6 00	@	9 00
Cranberries, Eastern, per barrel	11 00	@	15 00
Pumpkins, new, per 100	20 00	@	40 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 50	@	5 00
Green Peas, per barrel	5 00	@	6 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	14	@	15
Chickens, per pound	13	@	15
Fowls	9	@	13
Geese	10	@	13
Turkeys	15	@	17
Ducks	16	@	20
" black, per pair	62	@	75
" widgeon	50	@	62½
" canvas back	1 00	@	1 50
" Brant,	1 00	@	1 25
" gray	50	@	62½
" redheads	75	@	1 00
Pigeons, per dozen	1 87	@	2 25
Wild Pigeons	1 50	@	2 00
Partridge, per pair	75	@	87
English Snipe	40	@	50

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION--RECEPTION OF THE OFFICERS AT SAN JOSE.



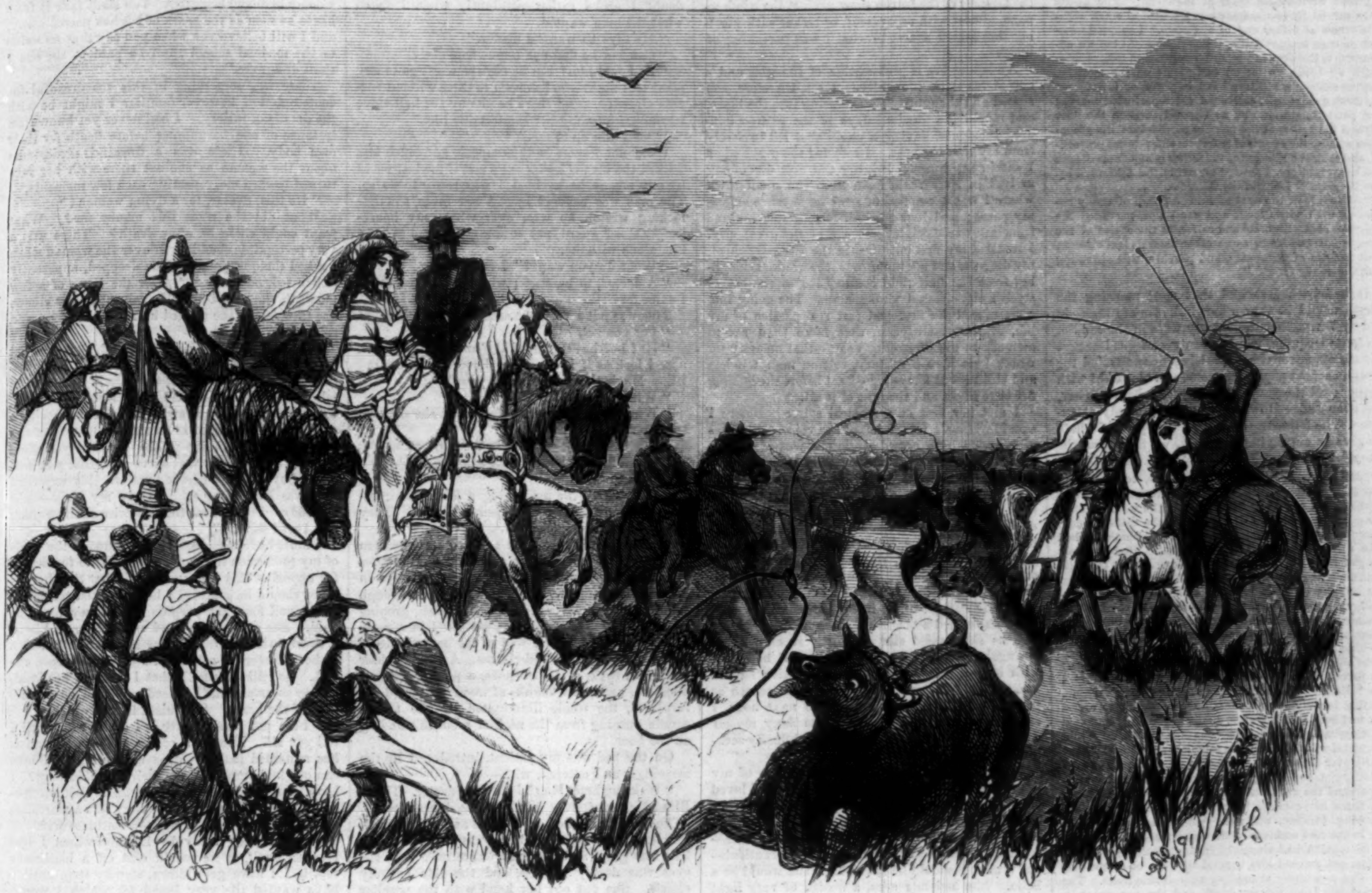
THE PARAGUAY SQUADRON AT ROSARIO.—[From a Photograph by our own Correspondent.]

We are happy to be enabled to engrave herewith, from photographs and sketches furnished us by our correspondent on board the Paraguay squadron, some interesting pictures of the bloodless encounters which have been happily substituted for the conflicts that were expected when the expedition set sail.

One of our engravings represents the fleet at anchor at Rosario on Washington's birth-day. The Commodore returned from Asuncion on 18th February, and peace having been settled, all the ships of the squadron proceeded down the river, anchoring at Rosario on 22d February. In honor of the day salutes were fired, the ships dressed out, and the usual ceremonies observed.

It was while the fleet was there that the gallant hero—José Justo de Urquiza—whose portrait we gave in a recent number, invited the Commodore and the Commissioner to pay him a visit at his palace at San José. Accordingly the *Fulton* and the *Water Witch* left the squadron at the mouth of the Uruguay, and proceeded up stream to Conception. The voyage was difficult. The Uruguay is even shallower than the Parana, and is full of sand-banks. After one day's steaming the *Fulton* began to ground frequently. At the Tala Pass, six miles below Conception, there was found to be only nine feet of water on the bar, which, as the *Fulton* draws eleven, was conclusive against her reaching Conception. The Commodore accordingly shifted his flag to the *Water Witch*, and, in company with Mr. Bowlin and his Secretary, proceeded up the river to Asuncion. General Urquiza's invitation was only addressed to the Commodore, the Commissioner, and his Secretary; and Commodore Shubrick was unwilling to take the responsibility of extending it to any of the officers. On the arrival of the *Water Witch* at Conception, however, he was assured that the American dignitaries were expected to arrive with the largest possible suites, and that quarters had been provided for the whole party in the town. The *Water Witch* was accordingly sent back for the officers of the *Fulton*, and the number of American guests

GENERAL URQUIZA'S PALACE AT SAN JOSE.—[From a Sketch by our own Correspondent.]



LASSOING BULLOCKS AT SAN JOSE.

was accordingly swelled to some eighteen or nineteen.

In the afternoon of that day some half dozen vehicles, and as many saddle-horses, were provided by General Urquiza's aids, and the whole party started for San José, some twenty miles distance. The correspondent of the *Times* gives the following anecdotes by the way:

"On our way out of town, a guacho on horseback rode up to our carriage and hailed Dr. Victoria, the private secretary and son-in-law of General Urquiza. 'How is your horse?' asked the latter. 'Good for the next post.' 'Ride on, then, and tell the President we shall arrive by half past six o'clock.' 'How long,' I inquired, 'will he be on the road?' 'An hour. *He has been to San José twice already* since the *Water Witch* announced you; *that makes seventy-two miles he has ridden since ten this morning*, and with eighteen more, which he will finish shortly, making ninety, he will have earned his *carne con cuero*.'

"The *chasqui* dashed his spurs into his horse's flanks, and disappeared like an arrow. Our carriage was drawn by two wheel horses, and by three others mounted by *guachos*, with hide *lassos* fastened to the tongue and to their saddles.

"At a half-way station we stopped to change horses—a *corral* full of animals stood near a couple of low thatched huts, from which, as we got down to stretch our limbs, there came two women and a pretty, bright-eyed child, to offer us milk, foaming from the udder, hot maté, and cold water. On a rolling swale a flock of 8000 sheep attested our arrival upon the premises of the richest man south of the Equator.

"While they were hitching up we had leisure to examine our *guacho* cavalcade. They were picturesque objects as they dashed about like centaurs, lassoing the horses and bringing them up to the wagons; their crimson and black ponchos fluttering in the wind, and their light *shakos* tied beneath the chin by a handkerchief, which gave their swarthy faces a gipsy look. The omnibus was drawn by six of them with no other harness than the lasso with which they capture horses and cattle."

The party arrived at the palace at San José—of which we give an engraving from our correspondent's sketch—about nightfall. They drove in through two lines of troops—cavalry, artillery, and infantry—and were received at the door by a group of handsomely-dressed aids-de-camp, who presented each guest to General Urquiza himself. We can not help copying a correspondent's account of the guests' fare that night and next day:

"The dining-hall reminded one of the banquet-room at Apsley House. The table seemed to sink under the profusion of flowers and fruits. We sat down thirty, and you may judge of its width by the fact of there be-

THE GUACHO DANCE.

ing four comfortable seats at each end. The dishes were carved by two aids-de-camp, seated at small separate tables at either end of the room. I counted nineteen courses besides fruits, the first day. At ten we adjourned to the drawing-room for coffee, and toward midnight we broke up for an early start on the morrow. During dinner a military band in *patio*, or interior of the first quadrangle, enlivened the repast with martial and patriotic strains, and as I gazed through the door beyond the arches of the interior portico into the gloom from whence the sounds of trumpets and shaums proceeded, and caught a glimpse of the dusky group of musicians and swart soldiery, I fancied myself in the Alhambra before the days of Isabella the Catholic.

"At daybreak the next morning a group of ebony negresses, with white teeth and coral lips, pervaded the bed-chambers with maté and coffee, at the option of the drowsy guests. Then came other damsels less obscure, with baskets of figs, pears, and peaches, still sparkling with the dews of night."

It had been arranged that next morning the guests should be shown how bullocks are lassoed; and by 7 A.M. the whole party were in the saddle. Madame Urquiza, whose beauty and good-nature our friends never tire of praising, accompanied the party in a light poplin amazone, and black hat with feather; all the young men lost their hearts to her, and even Judge Bowling was uncommonly attentive. The following account of the sport, of which we give an engraving herewith, we take from the *Herald:*

"After passing in review the troops, two thousand strong, by which we had been saluted on the previous evening, and receiving for the nation the usual twenty-one guns, we proceeded at a gallop to the cattle ground, where about a thousand head of cows and bullocks had been assembled for our entertainment. There we saw the gaucho in his true element. Dressed in the fantastic costume of the country, proud of his spurs and his horse, and holding in hand the lasso of his infancy and manhood, he presented a perfect picture in the various performances in which he was now called upon to engage. Selecting one of the fleetest bullocks, chase was given; the hide lasso whirled in the air, the rowels plunged deep in the sides of the animal of which he almost seemed part and parcel, and away they scampered like a whirlwind. The bullock ran with surprising rapidity for half a mile, seeming to defy the pursuers. One attempt to arrest him had been avoided, when a fellow splendidly mounted —the capitan of the estancia—was seen gaining upon him at a pace I will not venture to calculate; his lasso whirled fatally over the animal, the noose contracted at the critical moment, and falling with a precision that was faultless around the neck, checked his course with a violence that threw him completely over. Up he reared, foaming, bellowing, kicking, while the gaucho composedly held him in the fast embrace of his instrument of hide until his companion had similarly entangled the legs of the victim, and secured him beyond all hope of escape. It was like a prisoner struggling with double irons. The animal had been thrown down, and the two gauchos, giving him the full length of their lassos from his head and feet, held him with as much security as if he were pinioned to the ground. The enthusiasm increasing with this first success, chase was given in every direction. The field was covered with the fleetest horses and the wildest bullocks, defying all attempts to bring them back to their old captivity. The adroitness of these riders in the use of the lasso and the management of their horses, looking not a little romantic in their wild costume, with shaggy beard and fierce visage, certainly afforded infinite interest to those to whom the scene and the life had been but faintly depicted through written accounts. Virgil attempted to render in verse the clattering of a galloping horse, and Homer the roar of the sea; but nature, in its highest action, must be seen and heard, and one can but feel utterly helpless in any effort to convey it in its reality and grandeur. The pen is but weak to describe this South American horseman. It is a picture for the most vigorous and imaginative pencil—full of action and a poetry that is rude but fascinating."

There was a grand state dinner that day—"twenty-one courses" some one counted—a "barbaric profusion of viands and flowers," another correspondent says. Conception is the garden of Paradise for flowers and fruits. They grow, in the open air, not only the finest oranges, figs, and other tropical fruits, but pears and apples equal to any thing produced in this State. Our countrymen—fresh from sailor's fare—do not seem to have fared badly at this banquet.

In the evening there was a *gaucho* dance, which we give on page 297. The *gauchos*, it need hardly be observed, are the peasantry of the country—fine brave fellows, full of pluck, fond of riding untamed horses, great lovers of dress and fair ladies, unrivaled with the lasso or the bolas. The *Times* correspondent thus alludes to the dance:

"After dinner we had a *gaucho* ball by torchlight in the second *patio*. The music was the guitar, and the player sang a sort of impromptu *segundilla* to his own accompaniment with the fluency of an Italian *improvisatore*. The dances were in couples as among the people of Mexico and Chili. The waving handkerchiefs played an important part, and with some couples it seemed a trial of endurance. But the dances and the crowd, absorbed in their enjoyment of the songs and dancing, seemed quite unconscious of our presence, so that their *desinvoltura* was mirthful and unstudied."

Next morning the guests left San José for their vessels. They bade adieu to their amiable hosts with many regrets, and earnest hopes of meeting them again. If General Urquiza should visit this country, he would find that we are neither a forgetful nor an ungrateful people.

FIVE YEARS AGO.

One cold, blustering, snowy night in December, I had reached my office utterly tired and exhausted with my day's labor; and as I threw myself into the great arm-chair before a blazing fire of bituminous coal, and felt the cozy comfort of my room, the luxury of the warm dry stockings and slippers, the grateful fumes of the tea and steak standing before me on the table, I could not but feel great happiness in the thought that I had nothing farther to draw me away from the house that night. I had left each and all of my patients in a state that my services could be dispensed with till morning. This is a circumstance so seldom enjoyed by a physician in good practice, that when it does occur it is looked upon as no common holiday.

I could listen to the mutterings of the wind, and the tapping of the frozen snow against the window-pane, almost with enjoyment, or rather with a feeling that added a zest to what I was partaking of inside.

A blazing fire is provocative of thought, and a cup of tea is no preventive; I sat, therefore, and sipped and thought. I was staring into the blaze, and recalling a hundred days in the past—a hundred incidents, having a chain that led invisibly from my first thought. I recalled the night when I sat in my humble lodging the first day of my arrival in New York, fresh from the small town where I was accounted of some importance among my peers; and how my self-esteem was lowered from my one day's experience of the great city. I recalled my first entrance in the Medical School, my disgust, and my ambition; the gradual sloughing from the half rude country lad to the rather stylish city-dressed young man. The going into society, and the first and last real passion of my life, Marianne Graydon, that more than sacred memory to me of twenty years—that memory for which I sit here a solitary, solemn man, wifeless and childless at forty-five—I sat before the blazing fire that night and thought of it all.

I met her first at a musical soiree. Before I saw Marianne's face I heard her voice. She was surrounded by a crowd while she was at the piano, rolling out, with a careless abandon, one of the popular ballads of the day. I was not sufficiently critical to know whether her voice was a soprano, mezzo-soprano, alto, or contralto, but I did know there was a spell in it to me that sends its tones even now, at a distance of almost a quarter of a century, ringing through my heart and brain. I stood with the crowd about the piano, and saw her handed away from it. A blonde, of middle height, quiet in appearance, save only when she raised a bright, flashing blue eye to my face as she passed slowly up the room. I felt strangely that some portion of my soul had gone with her—a particle that held attraction for the great body. It must have been so, for, reason as I would with myself through the next hour, I could not exercise the strength to deny myself watching her in every movement, and finally seeking her.

I left that room with the great problem of my life solved. I loved deeply, passionately. I loved one whom I felt and acknowledged as my superior. Though I had scoffed at belles, and put no faith in brilliant women, Marianne Graydon was a belle—a brilliant belle—and yet she was not beautiful—and a blonde should be beautiful if she would be a belle. She had fine eyes, a wealth of very light brown hair, and then all was told. Nor was she rich, though she was the best dresser in her set—not the most extravagant, but dressed with the most exquisite taste. The secret of Marianne Graydon's great success was earnestness, which, whether it be affected or real, rarely fails to achieve great ends. I loved her dearly. In one month I had lived years. It was this love that caused me, on my graduation, to establish myself for practice in New York, rather than return to my native place. I would fight the battle out upon the spot where she could see the struggle I would make to rise for her sake. I am told that I am undemonstrative. To this, perhaps, may be attributed many of my failures in life—failures to make myself understood, to attach those to me for whose affection I would have made every sacrifice. If this was so in ordinary, I am sure it was not with approaches to Marianne Graydon. If I had naturally any timidity it was laid aside, and with every wild word that passion could utter I pressed my suit.

I am sure she loved me. It did not rest alone upon her telling. But the years went quickly away, and I still remained a poor physician, working among the thousands who possessed all the requisites of myself with more ability to make them known: and, as a matter of course, we could not marry. I knew it must be so. I could not bring her down from her position to mine. Even were I willing—which God forbid!—I knew well that she would never consent.

My best friends told me she was mercenary, and I drove them away in derision. They said she never thought seriously of me for one moment. I think now perhaps they were right and I was blind. They said Marianne Graydon only waited a wealthy wooer to throw me away as she would a worn garment. In this I knew they were right too soon. The wooer came; and amidst many tears and protestations of lasting friendship—amidst pleas for pardon and regrets that we had ever met—amidst entreaties, retrospective recallings, and curses upon my side, we parted, she to become Mrs. Robert Wharton, the wife of a wealthy railroad financier, and I to plod away on my daily round and build up that position before the world for which I had lost all ambition.

It was upon this night, five years ago, I sat in my office recalling it all, staring meanwhile in the blazing firelight, and thinking for the thousandth time how strange it was since that time I had lost all desire for society, and never should look with eyes of love again upon woman. Years enough had rolled away to blunt the memory, and Marianne Graydon was now nothing but a myth to me. I had not even sufficient curiosity to express a silent wish that I might know what had been her ultimate destination, or whether she was yet living. I knew that the wealth for which she had sacrificed herself and me had within one year gone to the winds of heaven in one brief night in the great fire of '35. I knew also that herself and husband had left New York immediately after—I knew not where, nor would I suffer my pride to ask. But upon this cold night in December all this past came back to me, and I reviewed the life that had, without my seeking, brought me reputation, wealth, and calm, quiet content, more, perhaps, than I would have achieved as the husband of Marianne Graydon.

"Doctor, there's a man in the hall says he wants you."

I did not much like this interruption to my reverie. It came from my housekeeper. I have no doubt I spoke rather petulantly when I asked what the man wanted.

"He says he wants a doctor."

"Can not he find one somewhere else?"

"So I told him; but he says he won't go to any other this night—he has been to three without success already. And there he sits by the hall stove warming himself, quite comfortable like."

"Send him up to me."

I did not like to be interrupted, and much less I liked the idea of going out; and if the last could by any means be avoided I was ready to do so. The man was ushered in. A miserable, squalid-looking wretch he was, over whom my housekeeper stood guard, not seeming disposed to trust him alone with me.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"A doctor, to be sure; what else do you think I came for?"

This was not a very encouraging beginning.

"For yourself?"

"He! he! he!" grinned the man; "d'ye think now I look as if I wanted a doctor. No, Sir-ee! Blind Mag's the one 'at wants you."

"Who is Blind Mag?"

"Why, she's a woman, of course; she says so, anyhow."

"Where is she, and what is the matter?"

"Down here to Bully Dick's, dying."

"Dying! what of?"

"Oh! what's the use asking a feller sich questions! I don't know what people dies of. They dies—that's all I know."

I had got on my overcoat and boots as the man delivered this last address, and in a few minutes I was on my way, he trotting on a few steps in advance, down dark streets, up alleys, through blind entrances, over a heap of rubbish, groping up some flights of stairs, and we stood in a room in one corner of which was a cot heaped with a parcel of dingy, dirty bed-clothes. A chest, a chair without a back, a clay furnace, a pitcher without a handle, and a few chunks of wood completed the furniture, the whole illuminated by one tallow candle burning from the neck of a bottle standing on the floor.

On the bed was my patient, introduced by the messenger as I entered, with—

"Wake up here, Mag! here's the doctor. That's Blind Mag, doctor." With this he disappeared.

The woman turned in the bed as I approached. The light was imperfect, but I could see that her hair was gray, and the spot where once were the eyes was deeply sunken, and the lids entirely closed. She put out her hand with the peculiar manner of the blind.

"Where are you, doctor? May God bless you for coming to me, though you can do me no good in this world save, perhaps, to smooth my path into the next."

The woman spoke well, and I knew directly had once been of good position, though I could not realize that she should be able to fall lower in poverty than I found her. She was dying, in the last stage of consumption, hastened by foul air, bad food or no food, and exposure.

"I do not know you," she went on, "but I sent for a physician—all of that profession are alike to me now. You see, doctor, I am blind. Yes, yes! I have been blind now for years—I do not know for how many. Draw nearer, doctor; I wish to speak with you."

I said something, entreating her to lie still. For a moment she was silent, and then breaking out again, she said:

"This world will soon close on me, doctor, and fallen and degraded as I am, I still believe in man enough to think that none could be so base as to act any deception with a dying woman. I like the sound of your voice; there is something in it that assures me you will serve me. Will you do me a last service, doctor?"

She had raised herself in the bed, and was sitting with her eyeless face turned toward me.

"If it is in my power," I answered.

In a half whisper she asked me:

"I have been told that a physician would buy a body for dissection. What is the price they generally give, doctor?"

All my familiarity with sickness and death, with anatomy and the dissecting-room, could not take from the horror of this question. What did the dying woman mean? From the hollow, black spots that once held eyes, she seemed to gaze at me with an intensity that was fearful. It was a question I dreaded to answer, and yet feared to leave unanswered. I said:

"The medical schools buy subjects, not the physicians. They give generally from twenty-five to thirty dollars for a good healthy body."

"Is that all?" she answered, and a deep shadow passed over her face; and then in a moment recovering, she stretched forward. "Doctor, do you think I shall be worth that? I am healthy, you see—I mean I have not fallen away much. Look at me, doctor. My arm is pretty full. There is nothing the matter with me but blindness—that is nothing."

"What is the meaning of this, woman?" I said, as sternly as I could gather courage to speak, while a shivering dread was running over me. "Do you mean to sell your own body?"

"Ah! doctor, listen to me. Why should I not sell my body after death? Have I not sold it in life? For fifteen years I have lived a life of shame and degradation; lower and lower I have fallen, until you see me here. I am dying without enough to place upon my eyes for closing. Why should I care what becomes of my body after death? Can it matter to me whether it goes into the hands of the surgeons by my own will, or into the hands of the authorities to be thrust rudely into the ground at the public expense? I want money, doctor, and what have I to sell or to give for it but my body, worthless to myself, and only good for the purpose I would give it to. It is money, doctor. Promise me that I shall have the value of my body paid after death to a source I shall designate, and I will worship you—I will bless you as a dying woman here and hereafter. You shall take it from hence as soon as the spark of life has passed away, and I will believe you when you say that its value to the medical school shall be paid to the one I shall designate."

There was something in this too dreadful for contemplation, however familiar I might be with the details of misery. I had never yet known an instance of one bargaining before death for their own body. There was a dreadful earnestness about the woman as she sat there with her face turned toward me, repeating each few moments,

"Do this, doctor, for a dying woman!"

What did she want this money for? What want could there be after death? There was a very perceptible shudder ran over the woman when I asked the question, and she dropped, apparently exhausted, on the bed. After the lapse of a few moments she raised herself again upon her elbow, she threw back the matted hair from her face, and said,

"I would tell you all if I dared, though what sympathy could you have with me—poor, degraded, fallen creature that I am! False wife, false mother, and false friend! But oh! doctor, I was once good—I was once rich—I learned to love wealth, and I grasped at its shadow instead of the reality. I would tell you all; but first you must promise me that you will serve me—that you will find a buyer for all I have to offer. My wretched soul was long since sold. Only my body—only my body. Promise me that its price shall be paid, and I will tell all."

I must have been terribly hardened in the trials of my profession if I could say "No" to the dreadful appeal of this woman. I told her that her request should be gratified; but she must tell me to whom and for what purpose this money must be paid. She caught my hand suddenly, and kissed it several times in rapid succession; and then, with a short hysterical sob, sank away again upon the bed. So still did she lie that I thought her dead, and to ascertain this I placed my hand on the region of the heart. She raised herself quickly.

"I am not dead, doctor. I can not die until I tell you all. Mine is a common story, though it has remained locked within me, untold. Where can one find sympathy for their own misdoing? I have been loved, doctor—loved for myself alone—and I have thrown that love away like a worthless thing. I have been a wife—a faithless wife. I have been flung away by him for whom I lost Heaven itself, as he would cast off a loathsome reptile. I have gone down, step by step, until I have wanted the very bread for which I would have been willing to have sold myself to my shame, but there were no buyers—no buyers for the wretched, wanton woman who cried herself for sale.

"For the poor girl who yields to a first love the world should have some charity in its condemnation—for the guilty wife, none. Let her be cursed forevermore. And so have I been cursed. It was for wealth I married—wealth that escaped my grasp. It was for wealth I passed away with the tempter—and here I lie dying, wretched and penniless. He took me to London and Paris, and there I forgot, in the mad whirl of my dissipation, all shame. It was there in the gayety and pleasure I determined to stay. I would drown all thought, and become only the light woman of the world, embarking no feeling in any argosy not my own. I to make resolves! I, who was a slave to the caprice of the man who found me in gold enough to aid me in all my dissipations, but not enough to make me independent of his will. And then came my husband—he from whom I had fled to guilty shame—and claimed me before all the world. Oh! gold is a mighty conjurer, doctor. He was poor; we were rich; and it was thus he became suddenly blind. It was thus he went away quietly, after seeking me through all the world, ready to dabble his hands in my blood. And I was bought—bought for gold. A slave, a bauble to be worn as long as it pleased my buyer to wear me, and when he tired of my fashion, give me to his valet, as he would his worn coat. My lot was not singular. He was tired; he wearied of my discontent—of the discontent himself had created—and he pensioned me off with the same liberality he would have treated a servant. He sent me home.

"Home! Where was my home? By courtesy the land of my birth. I came *home*, therefore, with my child—his child. I came among my former intimates to be shunned and pointed at. I could not bear that, you know! Then at this point, where I might have stopped, and perhaps have remained without farther taint, I became desperate. They should not scoff me. I would buy my position. I had money; they should feel it. With a woman's estimate I rushed into all schemes of pleasure. I was surrounded by flatterers and sycophants. They lived upon me, they robbed me; and that which I had brought as the wages of my guilt faded away like the mist, and again I was poor. Is it strange that a woman should fall before poverty for the sake of her child? He was all I had to care for on earth. I was maddened, and prayed only for the time when I could tell him my fancied wrongs, and call on him to avenge them. For him, therefore, I would make every sacrifice. It was thus I argued in those days, doctor. False argument! I have learned better. Poverty is no plea for a woman's guilt; for, with all man's heartlessness, I believe he would rather aid her in virtue, if he believes her earnest, than aid in her downfall. Is this so, doctor? You are a man; you can answer.

"There are two falls for a woman: the one where she persuades herself love is the cause; and the last, when she deliberately sells herself for gold. The last assuredly follows the first, and is the last step in shame. Whether I ever took the first I can leave you to judge. The last has brought me here.

"Oh! that life of shame, and its gradual steps. From the first where, amidst glitter and gilt, a few poor girls, chosen for their beauty and frivolity,

are kept in a continued round of intoxication and glare—where thought is debarred, and tears are treasonable—where she is the most worthy who is the most sinful; and talent is counted to her by the power she may possess of tossing down bumpers of Champagne, and persuading the half or wholly drunken men with whom she meets to do the same. A touch of paint to hide the ghastly pallor of the cheek; a little opium to brighten the eye; satin in gorgeous folds over the corroding heart; jewels to flash under the glare of the gas; and you have a woman, doctor—a woman, a creature with an immortal soul, made up for sale, and thrown out in the market to the highest bidder—sold for what will pay for her satin and silk, her jewels and gold, and—bread.

"Bad enough! bad enough! is it while the poor intoxicated wretch is surrounded by splendor and plenty; but beauty can not last always—she must come one step down, to the dirty drabby house, and the faded, grasping landlady, to the streets, and the theatres. Oh! that terrible unwritten history.

"And farther still, if imagination can picture any thing worse. The garret and the corner groggery; the cellar, and the eager grasping literally for bread. All these I have known, doctor—all these I have known in their bitterest way. I have been beaten, spat on, kicked, starved. The law has no protection for the abandoned woman. I am blind from the blow of a ruffian, who laughs when he sees me. 'Blind Mag!' I have been taken from the streets at night to be paraded in the morning with half a hundred fallen, shameless creatures like myself, before a brutal magistrate and a jeering crowd. I have known the prison walls, and the prison fare. And oh!— Thank God! I am dying; but for one thing I would thank God! It is for my child, doctor, my boy, my grand and beautiful boy, who knows not of his mother's degradation. It is for him, doctor, I am pleading. The pittance for which I would sell myself would be his great need. For years he has not heard of or seen me. I have struggled and striven, I have deprived myself of each necessity that would have smoothed my downward path to the grave, that he might remain at his studies, unknowing his origin. That trifle will complete the sum necessary to insure his stay at college for the few months more until he shall graduate. Oh! my brave boy, who will never know of his mother. They give such praises to his progress, doctor, I am sure of his success in life could he but graduate. For the sake of my boy, doctor, grant my request. When life shall be fled, take what was once a woman and send the sum you would give to this address." She had till this moment kept herself raised in the wretched bed, with her blind face turned eagerly toward me. Now she fell exhausted, with a heavy groan, as I took the paper from her hand and stooped toward the light that I might read the name. "John Edward Stewart." I read the name aloud, and the woman turned in the bed and repeated it after me.

"And your name is—" and I hesitated that she might answer my question.

"Is it necessary, doctor, that I should speak a name that has been dead many years?"

"It would be better, my good woman," I answered, taking her hand as kindly as I could, "that I should know it for many reasons. Perhaps I shall be able to serve your son."

"Oh, God bless you for those words, doctor! Though I do not know your name I trust you," and she clung to my hand, and pressed it to her lips. "I will tell you the name that for many years has not passed my lips—a dead name. My husband's name was Robert Wharton, my childhood name, Marianne Graydon."

Marianne Graydon! Had I sat that hour by the bedside of that woman whom once I had loved better than life, and not known it instinctively? and was this wretched, fallen, blind, and degraded creature before me the memory I had cherished so many years? It fell upon me worse than the shock of death. I was speechless and deathly cold. She must have known the change, perhaps heard the groan I could not suppress; and once again she was sitting upright in the bed.

"What is your name, doctor? Let me hear the name of him who will befriend my son."

Should I tell her to whom she appealed? Yes.

"Walter Hall." She repeated the name in the same manner she had repeated her sons; then for almost a minute she was silent. At last there came a long, deep sob, and then she lay very still. This time it seemed to me she must be dead, so slightly did she hold her life. I thought the shock had parted the thread. I took the candle from the floor and held it to her lips. She still lived.

Until the first gray of the morning I sat by the bedside of the dying woman, expecting every moment her last breath. No human aid could avail now even in smoothing the path of the final moments. I could only sit and wait.

It was daylight when I first heard a step in the outer entry; and in a few moments a small, repulsive looking man, whose face was scarred and disfigured, entered the room. He walked over to the bed and looked at the woman, and then turned to me with a nod and said:

"Has she gone in, Doc.?"

"She is not yet dead," I answered.

"There was a cove here last night inquiring after Blind Mag, Doc. I tole him she warn't likely to be around agin for a spell; but he said his duty was done when he give her this 'ere letter, though I don't think it be for her. It's got another name on the kiver—'Mrs. Robert Wharton.'"

"Who calls me?" came from the bed in very shrill tones, startling myself, and causing Mr. Bully Dick, who was stooping to the candle reading the superscription of the letter, to jump quickly toward the door.

"Thunder!" said that gentleman, recovering himself in a moment, "how she skeered me! Here's a letter for you, old woman, though it ain't directed to you, nuther."

"Give it to me," she said, raising herself to a sitting posture, and stretching out both her hands toward the man, who at arm's-length put the letter in them. She turned it over rapidly in her hands for a moment, and then called:

"Doctor, I can not read this."

"Shall I read it for you?"

"Yes." She spoke hesitatingly.

I opened the letter. It was simply a notification for Mrs. Robert Wharton to call at the office of Graves & Hendrick, Attorneys-at-Law, as soon as possible, either in person or by attorney, on business of importance.

"Graves & Hendrick? They were attorneys for the father of my child. What of them? I shall never know, doctor. Feel my pulse. Am I dying? There is something in this, I know. Oh! if I could but live to know. How long shall I live, doctor?"

I begged her to be calm, that all excitement would but hasten her end, that it would be several hours yet before any thing could be known concerning it, promising to remain with her till that time, and to call myself on Graves & Hendrick, and immediately inform her of the result. Very quietly she lay for several hours, only rousing herself occasionally to ask the time. The hours slipped by, and I sat by the bedside recalling all my life, and musing over the strange chance that should have brought me of all men to sit by the deathbed of Marianne Graydon. Nine, ten o'clock came, and I spoke to her, announcing that I would now go to Messrs. Graves & Hendrick. She felt for and caught my hand eagerly, and, speaking in a calm tone, said:

"Dear friend, permit me to call you so, though I have done you great wrong. Forgive me all. I have been sorely chastened in my sin. When you return I shall be dead; but something tells me all is well, and my son is safe. For the sake of the wretched mother extend over him your protection. Farewell forever!"

I passed forth upon my errand to hear, at the office of Messrs. Graves & Hendrick, that Mr. John E. Stewart had died in the city of Paris, leaving all his property, real and personal, to his son by Marianne Graydon, bearing the same name as himself, then residing in the United States of America. These gentlemen attorneys had ably performed their duty in tracing the wretched woman through all her haunts, until they had discovered her, only the day before, at the establishment of Bully Dick. Through her they hoped to get trace of the son, not for a moment believing that, through all her shame and degradation, the mother had secretly supported the child.

It was true. When I returned to the room, where lay Mrs. Robert Wharton, I found her cold in death. Two or three wretched-looking women, who rise like vultures on all occasions, stood over her, quarreling among themselves for the division of the few miserable rags of clothing lying about her bed.

A plain white slab in Greenwood marks the spot where lie the remains of "Marianne." Her son is with me. He will make a good man. Though he is rich, still he regards a profession as a necessity, and writes M.D. after his name. He is a great relief to me in my practice. I find I am not so young as I once was. To-day I have made my will. I had no one to leave my little savings to who so well deserves them as Stewart. He is a fine fellow, and, though his abundance is great, he will use it all well. I am sure I have had much experience of him since that memorable night Five Years Ago.

BECAUSE I SLEPT!

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I SAW in my dreams a palace-gate,
When the night was late:
The palace a youthful warder kept—
But the sluggard slept!

He had at his belt a golden key,
But, woe is me!
A demon stole it, and opened the gate,
For the night was late!

He strode straight into the sacred gloom;
In a golden room
He saw a lady, pale but fair,
And he slew her there!

The dreamer woke, with a terrible cry,
To see her die:
"I have lost my soul!" he moaned, and wept,
"Because I slept!"

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

AUGUST and September are good months to prepare a flower-garden, so that by the month of October the soil may be ready to receive some herbaceous and bulbous plants and shrubs hardy enough to withstand the winter. But such as may have neglected to make preparation in the autumn should direct their attention to things which can best be done now.

Those who have but a small space to devote to the culture of flowers should not make the mistake of trying to grow too many on a given area, which prevents the perfection of the plants and destroys that pleasing effect produced by a tasteful arrangement. Beds slightly elevated in the centre will cause water to pass off freely, and show the flowers to advantage.

In our last article, which was *general* in its character, we spoke of soil, situation, the principle to be observed in laying out beds or borders, edgings, distribution of plants, and gave a list of hardy annuals, biennials, perennials, tuberous rooted plants, climbers, and creepers, so that we are ready to be more *special* in our remarks on the present occasion.

The fresh appearance of a little shrubbery in the garden is very pleasing. Avoid planting in straight lines, and at regular distances apart. This rule applies to shrubs whether deciduous or evergreen. Evergreens may be planted now, if removed carefully with large balls of earth. Plant if possible in moist weather. Do not crowd the roots into a small space. In the absence of rain, when planting and after it, water freely.

Annuals are greatly to be desired, because so fine a display can be kept up in succession all through the season, and especially because they are so easy of culture. When properly distributed, they will give a charm to almost every part of the garden. *Hardy* annuals may be sown early in spring. The soil should be in the finest tilth, and the seeds sown with great care. Before distributing the seed make the place about to receive it compact, and after sowing shake or sift a little fine soil over it to about the depth of an eighth of an inch. Make small circles for seed of annuals with the rim of a flower pot of the desired size. When the seeds are germinating and the plants over ground, shade them from *scorching* heat by a green bough. Tender annuals should not be sown in open ground until the middle of May. Many of the tender varieties, when grown to greatest perfection, are raised in pots in hot-beds, and put in place about the middle of June. The half-hardy ones may be sown between early spring and this time. Some seeds should be soaked to cause speedy germination. This is especially true of seeds having thick hulls. The seed of the cypress vine may be scalded before being sown. The size of the seed is a tolerably safe guide for the depth of covering. In about a month after hardy and half-hardy annuals are sown they are fit to be transplanted.

The effect is not now generally considered pleasing when a large number of annuals of different colors bloom in one bed or border, and especially if this system becomes a main feature in the garden. The growing of annuals of the same colors in clusters is much admired.

Trailing and climbing plants should be supported by poles, twine, or trellises. This is true of the Sweet Pea, Morning Glory, Hyacinth Bean, Scarlet Flowering Bean, Cypress Vine, Nasturtium, Balloon Vine, or Love in a Puff, etc.

Of Sweet Peas we have scarlet, purple, black, white, rose, red, striped, and variegated. Each variety may be sown in a circle about a foot in diameter, and supported when the plants need it. Sometimes they are supported by brush, which is very unsightly before it is fully covered with vines. They bloom from July to October. The soil may be very rich for Sweet Peas.

The Morning Glory is a well-known annual of easy culture, and the *Convolvulus major* is very suitable for shading windows and covering arbors. There are many varities: rose, purple, white, striped, etc. The Dwarf Convolvulus (*Convolvulus minor*), when laden with yellow and blue flowers, is a universal favorite.

The Purple Hyacinth Bean will grow from eight to fourteen feet high in a season, and is treated like the common bean.

The Scarlet Flowering Bean is of vigorous and rapid growth. The beans are planted generally middle of May. The full-grown plants are well adapted to covering arbors and walls.

The Cypress Vine *is quite a favorite.* The plants should, if possible, be brought forward in a hot-bed. When grown in the open ground the seed should be sown when the soil is warm. Sow the seed where the plants are to remain, as transplanting is injurious. Scald the seed before sowing to hasten germination. The best plants are from seeds sown in pots in March, and protected in a hot-bed. Our seasons are generally too short for its most successful culture in open ground. The vine is a native of the Southern States. About the latter part of the first week of June the plants may be turned into the soil, which should be rich, and in a well-protected situation.

The Canary Bird Flower is a beautiful climber. Sow the seeds in April or May, in light soil. In rich soil the flowers are less numerous but the vines are more luxuriant. The flowers bloom from July until the cold of autumn destroys them.

Balloon Vine, or Love in a Puff, is a half-hardy annual from the West Indies. The seed ought to be sown about middle of May.

The Phlox Drummondii, an annual, is a fine showy plant, which grows about one foot high. The varieties are numerous. The seed may be sown about middle of May. They should be thinned to at least six inches apart.

Verbenas.—There are innumerable splendid varieties, of almost every color and shade except bright blue and yellow. From seed sown in May plants may be grown that will bloom in August. When wanted to flower early, the seed should be sown early in a frame. The finest varieties are propagated by cuttings.

The Double China Aster, or German Aster, is a very beautiful and graceful plant. Sow the seeds last of May, and transplant to a well-prepared bed last of June. Put two or three plants near each other, so that when they begin to flower the less valuable may be cut out.

The double varieties of the African Marigold are very rich. The seed may be sown any time in May, and the plants, when large enough, transplanted to their proper places. Destroy all inferior plants when they begin to flower.

The splendid Portulacca, although some of its relations are vile weeds, is a fine brilliant plant, and does well in masses. The seed may be sown middle of May.

Coreopsis Drummondii is a hardy and showy annual with yellow flowers, which continue in bloom nearly all the season.

Blue Didiscus is a half-hardy annual of great beauty. The seed may be sown in open ground in May.

Hartwig's Lupin is one of the most prized of all the species. The flowers are blue. Sow middle of May.

The Large-flowered and German Dwarf Gilly-flowers are fine varieties. The seed should have been sown early, but plants may be obtained from florists and put out in place.

Clarkia is a hardy annual of great beauty. Plants from seed sown in August or September are stronger than those from seed in spring, although the latter do very well. The soil should not be rich, and rather a light loam.

The Sensitive Plant succeeds well when the seed is sown in pots in March or April, protected in a hot-bed, and put in an open border in June. Those who have not a hot-bed for annuals requiring one to start them early will have to get a supply from florists.

The Four-o'clock sports into many agreeable varieties, and is an ornamental border plant. Soak the seed. It is generally planted last of April when spring is early.

Mignonnette is a well-known fragrant hardy annual, and should not be forgotten.

When gathering the seed of hardy annuals in August and September, it is well to let some be scattered over the beds. Those that survive the winter will bloom much earlier than those from seed sown in spring, when any not wanted may be taken out.

Too much care can not be taken in the selection of seed.

If herbaceous biennial and perennial plants are small divide the roots with a knife, but if large use a spade. They may be divided in spring or after flowering. The seed for such plants should be sown in spring, and in the autumn remove the plants to the places where they are intended to flower. Herbaceous biennial and perennial plants are also propagated by layers, cuttings, and suckers; indeed the double varieties do not produce seed.

Plants from biennial and perennial seed may easily be distinguished from annuals, as they do not bloom the first year. They may be removed from the seed-bed to a nursery-bed when well rooted, or planted in such parts of flower-beds where they are intended to remain. They should be kept perfectly free from weeds.

Hardy perennial Larkspurs are easily propagated by dividing the roots. The Double Chinese is a most magnificent plant. The flowers are a beautiful clear blue, and bloom from June to October. The Heart-Petaled Larkspur is a great favorite.

The Hollyhock may be propagated by cuttings in fall or spring. To produce new varieties sow seed in spring or fall. Mulch them in the fall.

Foxglove may be introduced among shrubbery with good effect. Plants grown from seed flower the second year. Propagate by dividing the roots.

The choice varieties of Columbine may be propagated by dividing the roots.

The Daisy is propagated by dividing the roots. It is a beautiful little flower, blooming from April to August. There are several varieties. All have to be protected in winter, and when planted out should be put in shady places, to protect them from the scorching heat of the sun.

The Chinese Chrysanthemum is a fine autumnal flower. The roots may be propagated by dividing them in spring, and planting in a rich loamy soil.

The Lily of the Valley is too great a favorite to need comment.

The American Cowslip is a very ornamental hardy plant, and may be propagated by dividing the roots.

The Double Scarlet Lychnis, propagated by dividing the roots, is a most splendid decoration to any flower border.

The Pansy is in great perfection in May and June. It is properly a biennial plant, but may be propagated by dividing the roots.

The Sweet-scented Violet may be propagated like the Pansy.

The Tiger Flower is of exquisite beauty, flowering in July and August. The bulbs may be planted from the middle to the latter part of May. They should be taken up in autumn, dried and protected during winter. The bulbs of the Jacobean Lily, Constant Blooming Oxalis, White and Pink Sword Lily, etc., may be planted in spring, and will flower in summer. The flowers of the Jacobean Lily are of deep red. Take up the bulbs after flowering time, and protect them in dry sawdust from frost during winter. The bulbs, when being planted, should hardly be covered with earth.

The Scarlet Trumpet-flower, producing trumpet-shaped, orange-scarlet flowers, is a magnificent climbing plant, and may be propagated by suckers and layers.

The Virginian Creeper is very hardy, of rapid growth, luxuriant foliage, and beautiful flowers, and may be easily propagated by cuttings or layers.

The Scarlet Trumpet-honey-suckle, although a native of the Southern States, is hardy here. It may be propagated by layering in spring or summer.

The Clematis, or Virgin's Bower, of which there are many species, is a well-known climber, and is highly ornamental, whether in flower or seed. It does well for an arbor or wall. Its lovely white flowers appear in the beginning of August. Propagate by layering in spring or summer.

The Chinese Wistaria is one of the most beautiful climbing plants. Its flowers are very fragrant. It may be propagated from layers or cuttings. It often grows twenty feet in a season, when planted in a deep, rich loam. For the first few years it is rather tender, and does not flower until the plant gets quite strong. It is well to shorten the wood in February or December.

Of the Rose there are many species and almost countless varieties, which succeed best in a deep, rich soil.

Hardy Roses, if not planted in autumn, should be as early as possible in spring.

For a growth of Roses through the season, plant Bourbon, Tea-scented, and Monthlies.

"Rose! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled spring, the wood-nymph wild."

ABEL'S LITTLE-GO.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MORNING WALK.

THE trick of which Gabriel had been the victim was, of course, an open declaration of war. It was curious how much he saw as he looked for a moment at Abel Newt, while the shouts of the boys were yet tingling in his ears. Perhaps, however, not more than Abel heard as he listened to Gabriel's laugh.

The next morning Abel was early awake, pondering many things.

It seemed to him that it ought to be a very easy thing to know Miss Hope Wayne, and yet it perplexed him to see precisely how he should accomplish it. The heroes with whom he was familiar in romances never had any such trouble—at least, the troubles seemed to be only the rounds of the ladders by which they climbed up to bliss: and if those rounds were iron and were red-hot or white-hot to the soles of the heroic feet, what was that but an incentive to move more rapidly? Nay, and who knows that the eager, feverish feet themselves had not heated the ladder?

"Hallo! Gyles," cried Abel, "there goes the getting-up bell! Are you awake? Come! come!

'Awake! my Gyles, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run.'"

"Heigho! that infernal bell! What an outrage it is!" responded Gyles Blanding, as he yawned and stretched.

"My dear young friend, let me beg you to moderate your language; let me urge you not to use such words upon your first awakening in the morning; let me exhort you to a more serious frame. Listen to the little birds singing their matin hymns. Why carols not my Gyles his matins?"

The two boys laughed together as they sprang out of bed.

"Are you really going to study for the ministry, Abel?"

"No, my Christian friend, I fear I am not worthy. Enough for me to sit under the teachings of the Reverend Gabriel Bennet."

"What's the matter with that boy? why are you always pitching into him?"

"Wasn't he a pleasing spectacle last night!" said Abel, chuckling, as he sat on the bed-side pulling on his stockings. "How he did stand staring at us! What a simple, silly fool the fellow is to be caught in such a trap! He blushed like a girl! Hope Wayne, indeed! Hope Wayne's old enough to be his mother. Gabriel Bennet is a good boy," said Abel, with drawling sarcasm. "Oh! so good! Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. I *hate* good boys," he concluded, with bitter emphasis.

"Gabriel Bennet's no coward, though," replied Gyles, as he stood in his drawers looking out of the window. "Last Saturday when the baker came, Little Malacca bought some sweet stuff as usual, and as he was putting off he met Green Muddock. He made him stop and deliver just as Gabriel was going by. Little Malacca was ready to fight, but he wouldn't stand much chance with Green. So Gabriel steps up and says, 'Green Muddock, don't steal those cookies.' 'Steal! you little scamp,' says Green; 'hold your tongue, or I'll spank you.' Guy! Abel, you should have seen Gabriel go in. It wasn't a fury, for he was sort o' quiet; but it was tremendous. Green got a plunk in his belly and a side-winder over the head before he knew where he was. He was down in a minute; and Gabriel played away on his great fat corpus like a trip-hammer. Whew! I tell you what! it was a real, regular licking. We all saw it. Jim Greenwich looked on, ready to help Gabriel if worst came to worst; and I think we were all satisfied to see Green catch it for once. He's always picking on those smaller boys."

"I wish I'd been there," responded Abel.

"What would you have done?" asked Gyles.

"I'd have stood by my order, Gyles. I wouldn't have seen a small boy flog a big one. We must keep up our dignity, my good fellow," said he, half smiling, half sneering. "Yes, on the whole, I should like to have polished off the Reverend Gabriel Bennet — not that I adore Mr. Green Muddock, who, I swear, is the greatest ass that ever went in breeches; but *noblesse oblige*, Gyles."

"What's that mean?"

"It means, my dear, that the big boys must not let the little boys be troublesome."

And the two chums went down to breakfast.

"Mr. Gray," said Abel, "may I go out of bounds after school?"

"What for, Abel?"

"I expect my aunt at the tavern to-day, Sir, on her way to Boston."

"Yes, Abel, and present our compliments, and beg your aunt to come to tea."

"Yes, Sir, I will, Sir, if I find her."

When school was out Abel strolled out of the yard and took the village street that passed the tavern. Abel, like the street, also passed; but also like the street, he made a little bend toward the door, and said to the landlord:

"Dibbery, if my aunt arrives before I return, ask her to step in and wait for me. And mind, Dibbery, on no account let her set out to find me. I don't want to have an aunt of mine falling into the pond. I love my aunts, Dibbery—particularly the one whom I expect to-day. Will you remember?—Well, I *will* take just a little go of rum and molasses."

And the big boy stepped up on the porch and stood at the bar-room window.

"Will your uncle come with your aunt, Mr. Abel?" inquired the landlord, as he handed him the drink.

"Dibbery, my respected uncle is detained by business."

"At the sign of the three balls?" continued the landlord, interrogatively.

Dibbery and Abel looked gravely at each other for a moment; and the youth, with his eyes still fixed upon the landlord, tossed off the mixture; then paying, and bowing soberly, turned away and walked up the road.

Mr. Dibbery, holding the empty glass in his hand, looked curiously after Abel. He played his large foot upon the floor, and shut up one eye: then laughed a little, in a doubtful way, and whistled a low, long blast, as if to clear the way for his mind to see something. He then turned slowly from the window and put the glass down upon the counter, saying, in an uncertain, amused way to himself:

"That's a 'cute one! Now, Mango," he continued, addressing one of the stock company of the bar-room—a rum-logged hulk and wreck of a man, who sat winking his bleared eyes over an old newspaper—"Now, Mango, I rather guess I shouldn't like to have that youngster agin me, any how. He's smart, I tell you!"

Mr. Mango looked up, hitched in his chair, and grunted. Meanwhile Abel pushed along the road, whistling cheerily, whipping the road-side grass and weeds with his little rattan, and all the while approaching the foot of the hill up which the road wound through the estate of Pinewood. As he turned up the hill he walked more slowly, and presently stopped and leaned upon a pair of bars which guarded the entrance of one of Mr. Burt's pastures. He gazed for some time down into the rich green field that sloped away from the road toward a little bowery stream, but still whistled, as if he were looking into his mind rather than at the landscape.

After leaning and musing for a quarter of an hour, he turned up the hill again and continued his walk.

At length he reached the entrance of Pinewood—a high iron gate, between huge stone posts, on the tops of which were urns overflowing with vines, that hung down and partly tapestried the columns. Immediately upon entering the grounds the carriage avenue wound away from the gate, so that the passer-by could see nothing as he looked through but the hedge which skirted and concealed the lawn. The fence upon the road was a high, solid stone wall, along whose top clustered a dense shrubbery, so that, although the land rose from the road toward the house, the lawn was entirely sequestered; and you might sit upon it and enjoy the pleasant rural prospect of fields, woods, and hills, without being seen from the road. The house itself, about ten years old, was a stately, rather formal mansion, such as rich gentlemen built in the New England city neighborhoods forty years ago. Its light color contrasted well with the lofty pine-trees around it. But they, in turn, invested it with an air of secrecy and gloom. The cold sobriety of evergreens, that defy the soft influences of the year, carries with it inevitable awe; and under the steady, dark, heavy boughs lurks the mystery that trees which mark the seasons with shifting beauty never know.

These were the pine-trees that Hope Wayne had heard sing all her life—but sing like the ocean, not like birds or human voices. In the black autumn midnights they struggled with the north winds that smote them fiercely and filled the night with uproar, while the child cowering in her bed thought of wrecks on pitiless shores—of drowning mothers and hapless children. Through the summer nights they sighed. But it was not a lullaby; it was not a serenade. It was the croning of a Norland enchantress, and young Hope sat at her open window, looking out into the moonlight, and listening.

CHAPTER XIV.

CASTLE DANGEROUS.

ABEL NEWT opened the gate and passed in. He walked along the avenue, from which the lawn was still hidden by the skirting hedge, went up the steps, and rang the bell.

"Is Mr. Burt at home?" he asked, quietly.

"This way, Sir," said the nimble Hiram, going before, but half turning and studying the visitor as he spoke, and quite unable to comprehend him at a glance. "I will speak to him."

Abel Newt was shown into a large drawing-room. The furniture was draped for the season in cool-colored chintz. There was a straw matting upon the floor. The chandeliers and candelabras were covered with muslin, and heavy muslin curtains hung over the windows. The tables and chairs were of a clumsy old-fashioned pattern, with feet in the form of claws clasping balls, and a generally stiff, stately, and uncomfortable air. The fire-place was covered by a heavy painted fire-board. The polished brass andirons, which seemed to feel the whole weight of responsibility in supporting the family dignity, stood across the hearth, belligerently bright, and there were sprays of asparagus in a china vase in front of them. A few pictures hung upon the wall—family portraits, Abel thought; at least old Christopher was there, painted at the age of ten, standing in very clean attire, holding a book in one hand and a hoop in the other. The picture was amusing, and looked to Abel symbolical, representing the model boy, equally devoted to study and play. That singular sneering smile flitted over his face as he muttered, "The Reverend Gabriel Bennet!"

There were a few books upon the centre-table, carefully placed and balanced as if they had been porcelain ornaments. The bindings and the edges of the leaves had a fresh, unworn look. The outer blinds were closed, and the whole room had a chilly formality and dimness which was not hospitable nor by any means inspiring.

Abel had seated himself in an easy-chair, and was still smiling at the portrait of Master Christopher Burt at the age of ten, when that gentleman, at the age of seventy-three, was heard in the hall. Hiram had left the door open, so that Abel had full notice of his approach, and rose just before the old gentleman entered, and stood with his cap in his hand and his head slightly bent.

Old Burt came into the room, and said, a little fiercely, as he saw the visitor:

"Well, Sir!"

Abel bowed like a gentleman, not like a beggar. Old Burt, accustomed to men, perceived the difference—besides, Abel was a handsome youth.

"Well, Sir!" repeated old Burt a tone more leniently.

"Mr. Burt," said Abel, "I am sure you will excuse me when you understand the object of my call, although I am fully aware of the liberty I am taking in intruding upon your valuable time and the many important cares which must occupy the attention of a gentleman so universally known, honored, and loved in the community as you are, Sir."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Burt, with an ironical snort, "honored and loved, am I?"

"A gentleman in your position, Sir, who commands such means of helping others, not only with money, Sir, but by counsel and example, by showing them how to be economical, and—and—other things, Sir—such a man must be a very foolish man if he is not respected and loved by his neighbors, Sir."

Abel made this little speech with the candor which is so becoming in handsome boys. The old gentleman looked at him inquisitively, but not altogether displeased.

"Did you come here to compliment me, Sir?" asked he.

"No, Sir," replied Abel; "I was merely saying that my conduct in venturing to take up the time of a man of important affairs—"

"Well, Sir, what do you want? You've got some kind of subscription paper, I suppose." The old gentleman began to warm up as his mind struck a new idea. "But I can't give any thing. I never do—I never will. It's an infernal swindle. Some deuced Missionary Society, or Tract Society, or Bible Society, some damnable doing-good society, that bleeds the entire community, has sent you up here, Sir, to suck money out of me with your smooth face. They're always at it. They're always sending boys, and ministers in the milk, by Jove! and women that talk in a way to turn the milk sour in the cellar, Sir, and who have already turned themselves sour in the face, Sir, and whom a man can't turn out of doors, Sir, to swindle money out of innocent people! I tell you, young man, 'twon't work! I'll be cursed if I give you a solitary red cent!" And the old gentleman, in a fine wrath, seated himself by the table and wiped his forehead.

Abel stood patiently and meekly under this gust of fury, and when it was ended, and Mr. Burt was a little composed, he began quietly, as if the indignation were the most natural thing in the world:

"No, Sir; it is not a subscription paper—"

"Not a subscription paper!" interrupted the old gentleman, lifting his head and staring at him. "Why, what the dickens is it, then?"

"Why, Sir, as I was just saying," calmly resumed Abel, whom no petulance could disturb, "it is a personal matter altogether."

"Eh! eh! what?" cried Mr. Burt, as if he were just on the edge of another paroxysm, "what the deuce does that mean? Who are you, Sir?"

"My name is Newt, Sir—Abel Newt."

"Well, Mr. Abel Newt, where do you come from?"

"My home is in New York."

"Well," roared the old gentleman, "suppose it is! How d'ye come here—what d'ye want with me? That's what I want to know."

"Well, Sir, I have been for some time at Mr. Gray's school, and—"

"What! what!" thundered Grandpa Burt, springing up suddenly, his mind opening upon a fresh scent. "One of Mr. Gray's boys? How dare you, Sir, come into my house? Who sent you here, Sir? What right have you to intrude into this place, Sir? Hiram! Hiram!"

"Yes, Sir," answered the man, as he came across the hall.

"Show this young man out."

"He may have some message, Sir," said Hiram, who had heard the preceding conversation.

"Have you got any message?" asked Mr. Burt.

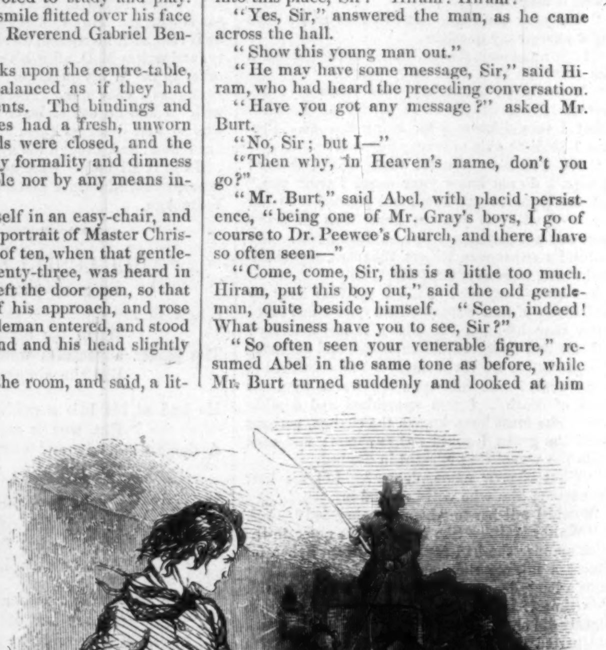
"No, Sir; but I—"

"Then why, in Heaven's name, don't you go?"

"Mr. Burt," said Abel, with placid persistence, "being one of Mr. Gray's boys, I go of course to Dr. Peewee's Church, and there I have so often seen—"

"Come, come, Sir, this is a little too much. Hiram, put this boy out," said the old gentleman, quite beside himself. "Seen, indeed! What business have you to see, Sir?"

"So often seen your venerable figure," resumed Abel in the same tone as before, while Mr. Burt turned suddenly and looked at him



THE BATTLE.

closely, "that I naturally asked who you were. I was told, Sir; and hearing of your wealth and old family, and of your services to the village and State, I was interested—it was only natural, Sir—in all that belongs to you."

"Eh! eh! what?" said Mr. Burt, quickly.

"Particularly, Mr. Burt, in your—"

"By Jove! young man, you'd better go if you don't want to have your head broken. D'ye come here to beard me in my own house? By George! your impudence positively stupefies me, Sir. I tell you go this minute!"

But Abel continued:

"In your beautiful—"

"Don't dare to say it, Sir!" cried the old man.

"Place," said Abel, quietly.

The old gentleman glared at him with a look of mixed surprise and suspicion. But the boy wore the same look of candor. He held his cap in his hand. His black hair fell around his handsome face. He was entirely calm, and behaved in the most respectful manner.

"What do you mean, Sir?" said Christopher Burt, in great perplexity, as he seated himself again, and drew a long breath.

"I mean only, Sir, that being attracted by your appearance in church, which you will grant, Sir, is not like that of the other gentlemen in the congregation, I asked about you, and I heard of your beautiful place. It has long been my favorite walk, Sir, but I could only pass by outside, and I never saw a person about the place, not even Hiram," said Abel, gravely, turning slightly toward the man. "I am very fond of sketching, Sir. My teacher says I draw very well, and I have had a great desire to draw your place, but I did not dare to ask. There is a tradition in school, Sir, that you don't like Mr. Gray's boys, and I knew nobody who could introduce me. Pardon me, Sir, for saying that I was afraid of you. I looked at you in church, and I saw that your face was full of kindness, but it was also a little severe, and—yes, Sir, I was afraid. But to-day, as I came by, every thing looked so beautifully, and I was so sure that I could make a pretty picture if I could only get leave to come inside the grounds, that almost unconsciously I found myself coming up the avenue and ringing the bell. That's all, Sir; and I'm sure I beg your pardon for troubling you so much."

Mr. Burt listened to this speech with a pacified air. He was perhaps a little ashamed of his furious onslaughts and interruptions, and more graciously inclined toward the request of the young man. Besides, testy old queues or gray hairs are not impervious to admiration. Are they not the parents of pretty ribbons and chestnut locks?

So the old man said, with tolerable grace:

"Well, Sir, I am willing you should draw my house. Will you do it this afternoon?"

"Really, Sir," replied Abel, "I had no intention of asking you to-day; and as I strolled out merely for a walk, I did not bring my drawing materials with me. But if you would allow me to come at any time, Sir, I should be very deeply obliged. I am devoted to my art, Sir."

"Oh! you mean to be an artist?"

"Perhaps, Sir."

"Phit! phit! Don't do any such silly thing, Sir. An artist! Why how much does an artist make in a year?"

"Well, Sir, the money I don't know about, but the fame!"

"Oh! the fame! The fiddle, Sir! You are capable of better things."

"For instance, Mr. Burt—"

"Trade, Sir, trade—trade. That is the way to fortune in this country. Enterprise, activity, shrewdness, industry, that's what a young man wants. Get rid of your fol-de-rol notions about art. Benjamin West was a great man, Sir; but he was an exception, and besides, he lived in England. I respect Benjamin West, Sir, of course. We all do. He made a good thing of it. Take the word of an old man who has seen life and knows the world, and remember that, with all your fine fiddling, it is money makes the mare go. Old men like me don't mince matters, Sir. It's money—money."

Abel thought old men sometimes minced grammar a little, but he did not say so. He only looked respectful and said, "Yes, Sir."

"About drawing the house, come when you choose," said Mr. Burt, rising.

"It may take more than one, or even three or four afternoons, Sir, to do it properly."

"Well, well. If I'm not at home ask for Mrs. Simcoe, d'ye hear? Mrs. Simcoe. She will attend to you."

"Mr. Burt, I'm sure I am very grateful for your kindness."

"Oh well! well! no matter. Good-by, Sir."

"Good-by, Mr. Burt. Thank you, Sir."

Abel bowed very respectfully and as if he were controlling a strong desire to kneel and kiss the foot of his Holiness, Christopher Burt, but he mastered himself, and Hiram opened the front door. As he was going out the old gentleman called to him, standing in the door-way of the drawing-room,

"Look here! young man; don't you be an artist. 'Tain't respectable. Artists, authors, and actors, are all alike. I don't like to have 'em in my house. There may be good ones among 'em. No matter—" the old man slapped his pockets. "Be a merchant prince, by Jove, Sir; then you have things as you want 'em."

Abel bowed as before, and said, "Thank you, Sir."

"Good-by, Hiram," said Abel, putting a piece of money into his hand.

"Oh no, Sir," said Hiram, pocketing the money.

Abel walked sedately down the steps, and looked carefully around him. He scanned the windows; he glanced under the trees; but he saw nothing. He did every thing, in fact, but study the house which he had been asking permission to draw. It must be confessed he felt a little elated. But then Napoleon after Marengo was not depressed, although he had been at one moment nearly defeated.

Abel Newt walked faster as he approached the gate. He opened it; flung it to behind him, broke into a little trot, and almost tumbled over Gabriel Bennet as he did so.

CHAPTER XV.

A CRISIS.

GABRIEL and Little Malacca had strolled out together. Little Malacca he was called, and the tradition of the school would have given him the same *soubriquet* had he been fifty instead of fifteen. The two boys had been drawn together by some kind of sympathy, which neither of them thought of explaining, and after Gabriel had so gallantly given battle to Green Muddock, in behalf of his friend, the tie was closer than ever.

During all this day Gabriel Bennet had been very silent. Uncle Savory himself had been sorry to see the shock of astonishment with which the trick had smitten the boy on the previous evening. But we sleep off other people's sorrows with great ease, and he had forgotten it next morning. Gabriel did not sleep it off. A boy's love is a holy secret, and to be cheated out of it by a wretched trick!

"Oh! I do hate a bully," said Gabriel to Little Malacca as they rambled by the tavern, bending their steps toward the hill of Pinewood.

"Yes," laughed the other. "I guess Green Muddock has found that out."

"I wasn't thinking of him," said Gabriel, in a tone that implied he was thinking very intently of some one else. After a few moments he continued, indignantly,

"A fellow that wants to fag another is a mean coward."

"So he is," echoed his companion.

"He'd throw a fly into a spider's web for the fun of it."

"Of course he would," said Little Malacca, who implicitly believed that whatever Gabriel Bennet chose to say was true.

The two boys turned up the hill, Gabriel led the way, sometimes kicking a little stone into the road, sometimes muttering little exclamations: altogether angry, mortified, and surprised. He had involuntarily betrayed the magic password which opened his secret treasury. It was secret no longer.

They stopped at the bars upon which Abel had leaned a little while before, and the tranquil landscape was lost to Gabriel as it had been to Abel. He pulled out his knife and began restlessly to cut the bar. Then he closed it and put it in his pocket. Little Malacca hummed a tune, while Gabriel's eyes were fixed upon the horizon evidently seeing nothing.

"Come, let's go on," said he at length, and they resumed their walk.

"What a splended place old Burt's is!" cried Little Malacca, warmly, as they saw the white house among the pines.

"Yes, it is beautiful," said Gabriel, mechanically, and swinging along more rapidly. "Let's hurry a little."

As they quickened their pace they were approaching the entrance of Pinewood, and it was just as they reached it that Abel threw open the gate, began to run, and came directly upon Gabriel and Little Malacca.

The collision was rude, and the three boys stopped.

"You'd better look where you're going," said Gabriel, sharply, his cheeks reddening and swelling.

Abel's first impulse was to strike; but he restrained himself, and in the most contemptuous way said merely,

"Ah, the Reverend Gabriel Bennet!"

He had scarcely spoken when Gabriel fell upon him like a young lion. So sudden and impetuous was his attack that for a moment Abel was confounded. He gave way a little, and was well battered almost before he could strike in return. Then his strong arms began to tell. He was confident of victory, and calmer than his antagonist; but it was almost like fighting a flame, so fierce and rapid were Gabriel's strokes.

Little Malacca looked on in amazement and terror. "Don't! don't!" cried he, as he saw the faces of the fighters. "Oh, don't! Abel, you'll kill him!" For Abel was now fully aroused. He was seriously hurt by Gabriel's blows.

"Don't! there's somebody coming!" cried Little Malacca, with the tears in his eyes, as the sound of a carriage was heard driving down the hill.

The combatants said nothing. The faces of both of them were bruised, and the blood was flowing. Gabriel was clearly flagging; and Abel's face was furious as he struck his heavy blows, under which the smaller boy staggered, but did not yet succumb.

"Oh, please! please!" cried Little Malacca, imploringly, the tears streaming down his face.

At that moment Abel Newt drew back, aimed a tremendous blow at Gabriel, and delivered it with fearful force upon his head. The smaller boy staggered, reeled, threw up his arms, and fell heavily forward into the road, senseless.

"You've killed him! You've killed him!" sobbed Little Malacca, piteously, kneeling down and bending over Gabriel.

Abel Newt stood bareheaded, frowning under his heavy hair, his hands clenched, his face bruised and bleeding, his mouth sternly set as he looked down upon his opponent. Suddenly he heard a sound close by him—a half-smothered cry. He looked up. It was the Burt carriage, and Hope Wayne was gazing in terror from the window.

MY BABY.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches—
Lips whose velvet scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness—round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise—
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness—
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness—
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on windswept autumn corn,
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion,
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever-new surprisings,
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under,
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning,
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table,
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing,
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking,
Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure,
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care—delight in sadness,
Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be,
That's May Bennett—that's my baby.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Weather—Spring in Paris—The Bois de Boulogne—Concert at the Duchess of G——ta's—Probable Retirement of Mario—Spring Fashions—A Sermon by Dr. Cumming—The Opera of Herculaneum—Paris American Society, etc., etc.

PARIS, *April* 6, 1859.

THE cold winds of last week had but a brief dominion. One almost wonders *where* they have gone to so suddenly—or, rather, whence has come the extreme warmth of the last few days. Last year summer in April was supposed to be accounted for by the influence of the coming comet; but that has wandered too far off now to occasion us thus to throw off winter garments, to avoid the sun, and to open the windows—ay, even to the evening breeze, if haply it may be found. But if found, it is not of the sweetest in these dreadful Paris streets, which seem this year hopelessly given over to evil smells; for the digging, and delving, and turning them upside down, for the draining process is always going on, and without any prospect of being finished. So "the evening wind" among these is not quite what our poet, Bryant, might be supposed to have in his mind when he composed the exquisite poem bearing that title.

But what a pleasure to escape from all this to the pure air and lovely verdure and bright waters of the Bois de Boulogne! The peculiar beauty of the season of spring in Paris has been often remarked. It is not so hot as that of Italy, and yet much more genial and unchecked than that of England. And then it is so animated; for the people so love the sunshine and fine weather that, when they return, they rush at once abroad—at least, all those who can; but, alas! it saddens one to think of those who can not, and who are left in the dreary work-shops and unwholesome cellars where those who toil are often obliged to earn their daily bread. But it seems that the lengthening days must bring consolation even to these, in the convenience of increased light and warmth. Let us think of such as these, though, when we are rushing off ourselves with the young and the thoughtless to enjoy those best blessings of health-bestowing air and exercise.

There is something no doubt exhilarating in being able to do what all the rest of the world are doing; and this one feels now in the Bois de Boulogne, whether riding a good horse with those who ride, or rolling in a well-appointed open carriage with some one of those kind ones who are good-natured enough to wish their enjoyments shared by those less favored by fortune. "To the Bois," then, we will go this afternoon, and every one that can, for there are not many visits paid now, at least, by me; and those ladies who think themselves obliged to remain at home for their "receptions" are much to be pitied. I am sorry for them; but as there is "a time for all things," certainly that for morning visits is over and gone for this year. Those of the evening still go on, and the concerts continue as frequent as ever.

I was at a magnificent entertainment of this kind on Monday last at the Duchesse de G——ta's, where one heard all the best Italian singers now remaining in Paris (for Mario has gone to England, and there is a painful rumor in circulation that he has succeeded to a rich inheritance, and intends to retire and sing no more in public), and one witnessed, for the first time there this year, the decided adoption of spring toilets by the fairer portion of creation (for men, of course, can never change from their sombre uniformity). The peculiar charm of these is the substitution of natural for artificial flowers by the young. These are woven into coiffures of the same form and fashion as the artificial, and with light, floating garments of muslin. Tarlatane and gaze de Chambery compose a toilet appropriate and becoming.

The prevailing tints in dress are delicate greens and lilacs, or white; pink, blue, and yellow being more the hues of winter costume. It is the same in bonnets; but before I describe these I must leave the Duchesse de G——ta's gilded *salons* and brilliant assembly, and go to "the Bois," where, from the promenades being so well watered, the new bonnets may be exhibited without fear of dust; and I am bound to say they are often fresher than the faces they shade—for three or four months of heated rooms and midnight revels can not be indulged in with impunity. These bonnets are extremely unadorned, and, in this respect, follow the lead of the Empress, whose dress is always distinguished by that truest taste—simplicity. They are mostly in crape, white or colored, covered with black or white lace, and a bunch of flowers without foliage just on the brim. The straw bonnets will not appear until "after Easter," but then they will be the most worn. The gowns seem to be all varieties of material and trimming. The skirts, with several narrow flounces, are perhaps the newest in fashion; but for the satisfaction of those of my readers who prefer something less elaborate, I may say that plain skirts, made very wide, and with a row of flat buttons up the front, are very much worn, and are very elegant. The mantelets are of the shawl form, in black silk, trimmed with a broad frill of the same material; and the long black silk pelisse is also much worn, fitting tightly to the waist.

Now I have taken none of this information from the *Journal des Modes*, but it is the result of my own pains-taking observation, put into technical language by feminine lips; and I think I am entitled to some gratitude on the part of your fair readers for my trouble. But my fear is that you have all these fashions before this in New York, and know more about them there than I can tell you from Paris—New York, the head-quarters of feminine extravagance, where the ladies have "Nothing to wear," and yet spend more money upon their dress than ever did ladies before.

But I have done with this theme for the present, for I must find a moment to tell you that on Sunday afternoon I had the gratification of hearing the celebrated Dr. Cumming preach in the Church of the Oratoire. I am aware that his works have a great reputation, and are very much read among you; but, in my opinion, his "spoken thoughts" do not come up to the idea of his eloquence and power preconceived from reading his books. He fired off the usual great guns of the Calvinistic creed with great facility of language and some beauty and boldness of metaphor—but there was nothing new, or original, or persuasive in it—and with not a little of what may be called clap-trap and seeking for effect. There was a large assembly of listeners, for his reputation is greatly extended, and French, English, and Americans thronged to hear him, and so they did yesterday, when he preached again in the same place. Fond as I am of sermons, and with a true New England passion for controversial theology, I had not the slightest wish to hear him again; and in my very modest judgment, I may be allowed to say that the sermons of the Rev. Archer Gurney of the English church, whose "Lenten Lectures" I hear with delight twice a week, are superior to those of Dr. Cumming in sound logic, close reasoning, and beauty and force of language, and are indeed very remarkable for these qualities.

And now I shall finish my letter by taking you with me to see the new opera of "Herculaneum," which, by the indulgence of a charming lady who gave me a place in her box last evening, I am able to describe to you to-day. I do not go to a French opera with any expectation of deriving pleasure from the music. For me, their music and poetry are in the same line, and without the power of touching the feelings or awakening emotion of any kind; but the "getting-up" of the whole thing is perfect and most superb; and as a show and an exhibition of Parisian taste and Parisian fashion and elegance, I know nothing like the "Grand Opera" in the first nights of a new and successful piece. When the curtain drops upon the stage, and you turn to the audience, it is still a gorgeous, glittering scene of fashion and folly and their votaries. The plot of "Herculaneum" seems very complicated, and probabilities are of course sacrificed to scenic effect. Madame Borghi-Mamo, as the Queen of Sicily, has some pretty airs and sings them charmingly. She is the only one worth listening to, though much of the music is undoubtedly pretty, and the final scene of the destruction of Herculaneum solemn and impressive. The ballet is much applauded, and evidently much enjoyed by the audience, as there is a new and pretty danseuse. I believe this is all I can tell you of that great event always in a Parisian season, the coming out of a new piece at their Grand Opera. It is considered quite a serious event, and, I am sure, occupies more minds than did the question of peace or war.

I saw this opera under circumstances so favorable for its becoming to me a pleasant recollection in the society of my country-women, the most refined and intellectual of our Paris-American circle, that I forgot that I did not like the French opera—that I forgot the intense heat and overpowering smell of gas, and was too much amused to criticise

invidiously even the music or the singers. Do not think that I intend to name my companions—no, not even their initials; but each of my readers may supply for themselves what discretion obliges me to leave thus in the dark. *Au revoir.*

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Many and varied are the female charms that conquer us. Here we find a woman whose strength, like Samson's, is in her hair; a second holds your affections by her teeth; and a third is a Cinderella, who wins hearts by her pretty little foot.

The Legal Alphabet.—"It is very odd," said one counsel to another, "that the judge should have decided against me on that point of law which, to me, seemed as plain as A B C." "Yes," replied the other, "but of what use is it that it should have been A B C to you, if the judge was determined to be D E F to it?"

When Judge Howell was at the bar, Mr. Burgess, a barrister on circuit, to play a joke, wrote on the lining of his hat, *caput vacuum* (empty head). The hat circulated about, exciting a smile on every countenance except that of the owner, who deliberately took it up and repeated the words, and, well knowing the author, addressed the Chief Justice as follows: "May it please your Lordship, I ask protection" (holding up his hat); "for I find that Brother Burgess has written his name in my hat, and I have reason to believe he intends to make off with it."

"Like a Drum."—When Suwarrow was defeated in Switzerland, some person told the King of Prussia of the bombastic proclamation which that general had issued. "Bah!" said the King, "Suwarrow resembles a drum: he makes no noise until he is beaten."

The Utica *Herald* says that Luke Nolan has for nearly a week been on trial there, on a charge of larceny. The Judge charged the jury, and they retired to deliberate. During the momentary confusion in the court occasioned by the close of the trial and the jury leaving the room, the prisoner, who sat within the bar, arose and walked out of the court-room. The constable very politely opened the door, and the criminal walked out, nobody saying a word! He passed down stairs into the street, and went—nobody knows where.

We understand that the jury, after being out five minutes, found the prisoner guilty. On their return, they could not render their verdict, of course, as the law requires the prisoner to be present, and they were discharged from the further consideration of the case.

In those good old times when Dicky Riker was Recorder of New York, a man by the name of Wilson was taken up on a charge of stealing some spoons. He had no counsel to defend him, but Mr. Graham, getting an opportunity to have a word with him in private, agreed to get the fellow acquitted for ten dollars. The lawyer told him not to say a word but "spoons" to all inquiries put to him. Wilson was arraigned. "Have you any counsel?" the Recorder asked. "Spoons!" said Wilson. "Have you counsel?" the Recorder demanded, still louder. "Spoons!" replied Wilson. Mr. Graham interposed: "Your Honor perceives that this man is a fool, and by no means in a fit state of mind to be tried." The Clerk put the usual question, "Guilty, or not guilty?" to which the prisoner steadily answered "Spoons." The Recorder asked what the man was up for, and finding that it was for stealing a few spoons, and thinking the fellow was only half-witted, told him to go. Graham followed him out and demanded the ten-dollar fee. "Spoons!" said Wilson, and to all the lawyer's demands he answered only "Spoons."

Joe and Bill Benton went to New Orleans with a flatboat of corn. Joe wrote to his father thus:

"Nu Orleens. Gune 5—Deer Dad, markets is dull corn is mighty lo and Bills dead

"Your affectionate sun J. B."

The following is a specimen of Hibernian epistolary composition:

"O'Regan Tirriturry, march 32—Tim if yere did wroite me how it happened an ef yere aloive thin cum out here immadiately or sooner. Im farmin 80 acres o land an have 2 cows an a horse givin milk.

"Yer own bruther. Pat Houlahan."

An epitaph in the church-yard of Morton-in-the-Marsh, runs thus:

"Here lies the bones of Richard Sawton,
Whose death, alas! was strangely brought on.
Trying, one day, his corns to mow off,
The razor slipped and cut his toe off.
His toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
Which took, alas! to mortifying,
And was the cause of Richard's dying."

A lady sent for a new velvet mantilla at her dressmaker's.

"John," she said, "if it rains, take a coach; I had rather pay the hack hire than have my mantilla wet."

When the man handed her the mantilla it was ruined, the paper which covered it being saturated with water.

"Why, John," she said, "I told you to take a cab if it rained."

"So I did, mum; but sure you wouldn't have your footman a ridin' inside. I got on the box with the driver."

Attractive.—It has been said that ladies have generally a great fear for lightning, and this has been superficially ascribed to their natural timidity; but the truth is, that it arises from their consciousness of being attractive.

De Quincey tells an anecdote of a man, who, on being threatened by an assault by a dozen and a half of tailors, cried out, "Come on, both of you!"

Absurd.—An English justice has laid it down as a principle of law, that a physician is not entitled to payment if the patient dies under his treatment.

The whole duty of man is frequently only to please himself.

When two men dispute, you may be sure that there is a fool upon one side or the other.

A beautiful brunette said her brown complexion was owing to her being so often toasted.

Why is a widower so much like a house in dilapidation?—Because he wants to be re-paired.

An awkward man, attempting to carve a goose, dropped it on the floor. "There, now!" exclaimed his wife, "we've lost our dinner." "Oh, no, my dear," answered he, "it's safe—I've got my foot upon it!"

It is not every man who can laugh up his sleeve when he happens to be out-at-elbows.

Look before you Leap.—Yet all the molestations of marriage are abundantly recompensed with other comforts which God bestoweth on them who make a wise choice of a wife.—*T. Fuller.*

"John," said a father to his son one day, when he caught him shaving the "down" off his upper lip, "don't throw your shaving-water out where there are any barefooted boys, for they might get their feet pricked."

A Scotchman having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him that he might help himself. The master said to him, "Sandie, you take a long time to breakfast." "In troth, master," answered he, "a cheese o' this size is nae sae soon eaten as ye may think."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, &c., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without an equal.

It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.
It softens the hair when hard and dry
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.
It costs fifty cents for a half pint bottle.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

TESTIMONIAL.

Boston, July 19, 1857.

☞ Messrs. J. Burnett & Co.—I can not refuse to state the salutary effect in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil—(Cocoaine).

For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contain camphene spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others, similarly afflicted, will be induced to try the same remedy.

Yours, very truly,
SUSAN R. POPE.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.*

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston.
For sale by dealers generally at 50 cents a bottle.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

FROM THE PRESS OF

TICKNOR & FIELDS,
Boston.

Memoir of Chief Justice Parsons. $1 50.
Owen Meredith's Poems. Blue and Gold. 75 cents.
Studies and Stories, by Mrs. Jameson. Blue and Gold. 75 cents.
The Avenger, &c., by De Quincey. 75 cents.
Percival's Poetical Works, 2 vols. Blue and Gold. $1 75.
Scouring of the White Horse. $1 00.
Douglas Jerrold's Life and Letters. $1 00.
Motherwell's Poems. Blue and Gold. 75 cents.
Arago's Biographies. 2 vols. $2 00.
Lord Dufferin's Yacht Voyage. $1 00.
Thorndale. $1 25.
Life of Sir Philip Sidney. $1 00.
Ernest Carroll. 88 cents.
Christmas Hours. 50 cents.
Fanny Kemble's Poems. $1 00.
Willie Winkie's Nursery Songs. 75 cents.
Longfellow's Miles Standish. 75 cents.
Sala's Journey Due North. $1 00.
Kingsley's Walter Raleigh. $1 25.
The Age, by "Festus" Bailey. 75 cents.
Life of George Stephenson. $1 00.
Douglas Jerrold's Wit. 75 cents.
Bartol's Church and Congregation. $1 00.
Tom Brown's School Days. $1 00.
Trelawny's Recollections of Shelley and Byron. 75 cents.
Ran away to Sea, by Mayne Reid. 75 cents.
Charles Reade's White Lies. $1 25.
Robertson's Sermons. 1st Series. $1 00.
Robertson's Sermons. 2d Series. $1 00.
Robertson's Sermons. 3d Series. $1 00.
Robertson's Lectures and Addresses. $1 00.
Charles Kingsley's Andromeda. 50 cents.
Parthenia, by Mrs. Lee. $1 00.
Coale's Hints on Health. 63 cents.
Mrs. Mann's Cook Book. 63 cents.
Household Waverley Novels. 50 vols. 75 cents each.

In a few Days:

1. A Vacation Voyage to Cuba and Back. By R. H. Dana, Jr. 75 cents.
2. Kingsley's Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn. A new Novel.

☞ Any work published by Ticknor & Fields will be sent, free of postage, on receipt of advertised price only.

"Love Me Little, Love Me Long."

A NOVEL.

By Charles Reade,

Author of "Christie Johnstone," "Peg Woffington," "Never too Late to Mend," &c.

12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Paper, 65 cents.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

Bronchitis.

Bronchitis, *Clergyman's Sore Throat.*—A Chronic Inflammation of the Small Mucous Glands connected with the Membranes which line the Throat and Windpipe; the approach of which is often so insidious as scarcely to attract notice—an increase of Mucus, and a sense of wearisomeness and loss of power in the Throat, after public speaking or singing. It arises from cold or any unusual exertion of the voice. These incipient symptoms are allayed by using Brown's Bronchial Troches, which, if neglected, an entire loss of voice is often experienced.

"*Pre-eminently the first and best.*"
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"*Great benefit in affections of the Bronchial Organs.*"
DR. J. F. W. LANE, BOSTON.

Economy in Writing.

Phonography increases the speed of Writing from five to six hundred per cent. It may be easily learned, without a teacher, from

GRAHAM'S HAND-BOOK OF STANDARD PHONOGRAPHY, a complete Encyclopedia of the Art. Post-paid, $1 25.

Brief long-hand increases, with the use of the common letters only, the speed of writing one hundred per cent. This may be easily learned in a week from "Graham's Brief Long-Hand." Postpaid, 63 cents.

A. J. GRAHAM (Room 26), No. 348 Broadway.

Now Published,

From Wall Street to Cashmere.

A Journal of Five Years in Asia, Africa, and Europe.

Comprising

Visits during 1851, '2, '3, '4, '5, and '6, to the Danemora Iron Mines, Plains of Troy, the "Seven Churches," Palmyra, Jerusalem, Petra, Mt. Sinai, Bombay, Seringapatam, and Surat.

With all the Scenes of the recent Mutinies.

CASHMERE,

Peshawur, and the Khyber Pass to Afghanistan, Java, China, and the Mauritius.

With nearly 100 *full page Illustrations.*

By JOHN B. IRELAND, ESQ.

Price in Muslin binding, $4 00; Half Calf extra, $6 00.

This is a reliable book of travels, and a valuable contribution to history and literature, from the pen of a polished scholar, who has looked at the country through which he traveled with American eyes, and given truthful descriptions of the habits, manners, and customs of the people. It will be refreshing to get hold of a book written in this spirit by a truthful man. The social every-day life of those three hundred millions of people has not been understood. He tells us all about the self-sacrificing devotion of the American Missionaries to the Great Cause in which they are engaged. It is one of the most fascinating books of travel that has ever been published in this country.

S. A. ROLLO & CO.,
29 Park Row,
Opposite the Astor House.

Complete Manual of Chess.

C. SCRIBNER, 124 Grand Street, New York, has now ready 2d Thousand of "THE SCIENCE AND ART OF CHESS." 1 vol. 12mo, $1.

The *Spirit of the Times* says, "Just such a work as will become popular with beginners. We recommend it to Students as one of the most useful publications yet issued. All lovers of Chess should add it to their library."

"A complete history of every thing appertaining to Chess. No Chess-player's library will be complete without it."—*Boston Post.*

N. P. Willis's New Work—"THE CONVALESCENT." 1 vol., $1.

J. T. Headley's New Work—"LIFE OF GENERAL HAVELOCK." 1 vol., $1.

"THE ART OF EXTEMPORE SPEAKING." By *Professor Bautain.* 1 vol., $1.

These Books sent by mail, *postpaid*, on receipt of price.

TUCKER'S NURSERY FOR FLOWERS, FEATHERS, COIFFURES, and BRIDAL SETS, at
361 Broadway, 2 doors from Franklin Street.

THOMAS HOOPER, No. 109 Fulton Street, Manufacturer and Dealer in Looking-glasses, Picture Frames, Oil Paintings, Engravings, &c. A word to the wise, &c.

CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.

The Oriental Fruit Paste, or Aromatic Jelly of Figs and Senna,

Is a simple, palatable, and efficacious laxative medicine, good at all times.

Sold by Druggists every where.

J. W. NORCROSS & CO., Wholesale Agents,
91 Fulton Street, New York.

Nature's True Restorative.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

THE GREAT

AMERICAN REMEDY

FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

THE BEST, SAFEST, AND PUREST

TONIC AND ALTERATIVE EVER PREPARED.

Prepared by A. B. & B. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street (cor. William), N. Y.

$32 50 PER QUARTER } ASHLAND INST. and MUSIC'L ACADEMY, Catskill Mountains. Both sexes. Summer term commences May 4. For circulars, &c., address the Rev. HENRY J. FOX, A.M., Ashland, Creene Co., N. Y.

To all who use Horses.—DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT, in pint bottles, price only 50 cents, is warranted cheaper and superior than any article in the market, for the cure of Cuts, Galls, Lameness of all kinds, Colic, &c., &c. This is no humbug article—try a bottle; it will speak for itself. None are genuine unless signed "S. I. TOBIAS." Depot, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York.

Sold every where.

CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTHACHE DROPS

Acting upon the nerve, imparts instantaneous relief, without discoloring the teeth or unpleasantly affecting the breath or palate. Once used, you will never willingly be without it.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York. Price 25 cents per Vial.

The Best Encyclopædia in the English Language.

PUBLISHED BY

Little, Brown & Co.,
112 Washington Street, Boston.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA;

—OR—

Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and General Literature.

Eighth Edition.

Revised, enlarged, and brought up to the present time.

Edited by Thomas Stewart Trail, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh.

With upwards of five hundred Engravings on steel, and many thousand on wood. To be comprised in 22 vols. 4to. Vols. I. to XVI. now ready.

Cloth, $5 50 per volume.

The publication of Eight Editions with successive improvements, and the sale of nearly 40,000 copies, not during an excitement raised by a factitious reputation, but during a succession of years, in which the work was tested and approved by the most accomplished and scientific scholars, is an irrefragable proof of the unquestionable merit of this work. These circumstances have given it so decided a preference in public favor, that the popularity of the Eighth Edition continues steadily to increase, and never stood higher than at the present time.

It has been the leading object of the editor and conductors of this work, to combine abstract with practical, and solid with pleasing information, in such proportions as would be most useful and most acceptable to the public; to deliver the truths of Science in the most accurate and intelligible form, and at the same time to pay due attention to those branches of knowledge, which, though not admitting of a scientific shape, are yet deservedly popular, and have a powerful influence on the taste, habits, and character of the individual;—in a word, to render the work at once a Dictionary of Science, a Copious Abstract of Literature and Philosophy, and a Book of Universal Reference.

This edition has undergone careful revision and extensive alterations, so as to accommodate it to the improved taste and advanced intelligence of the times. The editor has secured the cooperation of the most eminent living authors, who have contributed treatises in the various departments of Science, Literature, the Arts, Manufactures, Commerce, Statistics, and General Knowledge, to supersede these now rendered obsolete by the progress of discovery, improvements in the arts, or the general advancement of society.

The following is a list of some of the principal contributors to this edition:

Rt. Hon. T. B. Macaulay.
Rt. Rev. Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin.
William Whewell, D.D., Trinity College, Cambridge.
Sir David Brewster, K.H., LL.D., Principal of the United Colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, St. Andrews.
Richard Owen, Esq.
Sir William Hamilton, Bart.
Sir Archibald Alison, Bart.
Henry Rogers, Esq., Author of the "Eclipse of Faith," &c.
Isaac Taylor, Esq., Author of the Natural History of Enthusiasm," &c.
Rev. Charles Kingsley, Author of "Hypatia," "Westward Ho," &c.
J. D. Forbes, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, &c.
Robert Stephensen, Esq., M.P., President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, &c.
Richard Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P.
J. Y. Simpson, M.D., Professor of Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh.
Thomas de Quincey, Esq.
R. G. Latham, Esq., M.A., M.D., &c.
W. E. Aytoun, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Letters in the University of Edinburgh.
J. R. M'Culloch, Esq., Member of the Institute of France, &c.
Dr. Doran, Author of "Habits and Men," &c.
J. H. Balfour, M.D., Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh.
J. S. Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.
William Gregory, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh.
Alexander Smith, Esq., Author of a "Life Drama," &c.
Leonhard Schmitz, LL.D., F.R.S.E., &c.
E. G. Squier, Esq.
Richard Hildreth, Esq.

Nearly twelve hundred copies of this great work are already ordered to supply the subscribers in this country, and the number is continually increasing. It is believed that no publication of the kind, so extensive, has hitherto commanded so large a sale, or been so deserving of the patronage of the reading community.

Vol. XVII., now daily expected, contains articles on PALNTOLOGY, by Prof. Owen; PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY, by Sir John Herschel; PHOTOGRAPHY, by Sir David Brewster; PHRENOLOGY, by Dr. Laycock; PHYSIOLOGY, by Dr. Bennet, A Life of Pitt, by Macaulay; Life of Sir Robert Peel, by Goldwin Smith, &c., &c., &c.

Most Patent Medicines are Humbugs; but DR. TOBIAS warrants his VENETIAN LINIMENT to do all he recommends it for, or the money will be refunded by his Agents—one will be found in every Village in the State. If you have a pain or ache try a bottle, it stops pain instantly. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Depot, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York.

Sold by all the Druggists.

LITTLE BOYS and THEIR SORROWS.

BY JULIA CARY RHEINHARDT.

What aileth thee, my brother—
What makes your brow so sad
When all your jocund playmates
In this merry month are glad?
Reveal to me, your sister,
The trouble you endure,
And if within a sister's power,
I promise you a cure.
Outspake the gallant youngster,
"I can not play nor rest
While, of all my young companions,
I alone am badly dressed:
They pity me and pet me;
But their patronizing air—
Oh! 'tis torture, dearest sister,
And the hardest thing to bear."
"Your proud, young spirit suffers,"
Said the sister, kind and true,
"But the grief is easy curing,
And I'll tell you what to do—
This very hour, together,
To the SMITHS we will repair,
And there buy a *Spring and Summer suit*,
SUCH AS A PRINCE MIGHT WEAR!"
The suit was bought, and Harry
Is now the gayest of the gay—
The foremost in his studies,
And the merriest boy at play.
Oh, mothers! con the lesson
Which these simple lines convey,
And in garments by SMITH BROTHERS made
Your LITTLE BOYS ARRAY!

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140 Fulton Street,

Between Broadway & William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, JR.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.
NEW YORK.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

The Great French Novel

Now Ready.

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.

By OCTAVE FEUILLET.

Translated from the *Seventh Paris Edition*.

12mo, Muslin, price $1 00.

"'The Romance of a Poor Young Man' has recently appeared in Paris, and has been hailed by both French and English critics as perhaps the most striking and admirable work of fiction that appeared in any country during the year 1858. Indeed, since 'Jane Eyre' startled the novel-reading world, we hardly remember another production of the kind which, for beauty and interest, can be compared with this."—*New York Tribune.*

⁂ Booksellers are requested to order the $1 00 edition, which is the correct translation, published and sent by mail, *postage free*, by

RUDD & CARLETON, PUBLISHERS,
130 Grand Street, New York.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

We are sorry to perceive that dealers have stooped to the unfairness of attempting to deprive Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co. of the just reward of their skill and enterprise. An article is offered in the market as the justly celebrated and very valuable "COCOAINE," while it is quite another affair, made in New York, and called, to avoid a positive imitation, "*Cocoine*."

This is a poor subterfuge, and should not be suffered to be practised to the injury of the very respectable and responsible gentlemen who have devoted so much time, care, and capital to inventing and making known the genuine article.—*Boston Post.*

PHELAN'S CHAMPION HAT.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW, AT

White's,

216 BROADWAY,

under Barnum's Museum.

RICHARDSON'S New Method for the Piano.—This much-looked for work, by the Author of "The Modern School," is rapidly approaching completion, and will soon be issued. "WAIT AND GET THE BEST."

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

PICTURES FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING,
ARE ONLY published by
J. E. TILTON & CO.,
161 Washington Street, Boston.

Who forward them, post paid (with full and special directions how to paint), to any address. Send for a list and other information gratis.

Dealers and Teachers supplied.

"MASSER'S"

Patent 5 Minute Freezers.

OPERATION SIMPLE. RESULT CERTAIN.

The increasing demand and the unrivaled popularity of "Masser's" Ice-Cream Freezers prove them to be the best Ice-Cream Freezer in use.

Purchasers and Dealers are cautioned against imitation Freezers that are offered in place of the above. Get "H. B. MASSERS" Freezers, that have been thoroughly tested for the last five years.

Sole Agents,

E. KETCHAM & CO.,
Manufacturers of Japanned and Planished Tin Ware,
289 Pearl Street, New York.

Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va.

A detailed Advertisement of this celebrated watering-place, with letters of eminent gentlemen, will appear in the *next* issue of "HARPER'S WEEKLY" (May 14th).

THE PROPRIETORS.

SPRING FANCY GOODS.

L. J. LEVY & CO.,

Nos. 809 and 811 Chestnut Street,

Adjoining Bailey & Co.'s,

PHILADELPHIA,

Are now opening a large and very choice assortment of

NEW GOODS FOR SPRING,

Selected for the most part in Paris and Lyons for their RETAIL SALES from the choicest productions of the looms of FRANCE.

They invite the inspection of **Wholesale** as well as **Retail** customers to one of the most beautiful assortments for its extent of new fabrics for

LADIES' SPRING DRESSES

which can be found in this country.

In all the richer articles of DRY GOODS, such as

INDIA CASHMERE SHAWLS,
CHOICE SPRING AND SUMMER SILKS,
PARIS PRINTED FOULARDS,
SUPERB ORGANDIE and BAREGE ROBES,
NEW SPRING and SUMMER SHAWLS,

their assortments are constantly being increased by the arrivals of the Steamers from Europe.

PHILADELPHIA, *February*, 1859.

JAMES E. CALDWELL & CO.,

822 Chestnut Street,

Opposite Girard House,

Philadelphia.

Fine Watches,
Rich Jewelry,
Silver Ware, Sterling,
Clocks and Bronzes,

Chiefly of our own importation and manufacture.

Strangers visiting the city are invited to visit our establishment.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

We would call the attention of Druggists and the public to the card of Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co., exposing an imposition to which the public are liable, from an imitation of their celebrated "*Cocoaine*." This preparation for the hair has decidedly obtained a high reputation, and the spurious preparations which have been put into the market have a tendency to detract from the high reputation of the genuine article.—*Boston Journal.*

FRED. S. COZZENS,

WINE MERCHANT,

Offers for sale Foreign Wines of the finest qualities of his own importation.

RARE OLD BRANDIES,
SPARKLING AND STILL CATAWBA, AND ISABELLA WINES,
from N. Longworth, Cincinnati, Ohio.
73 WARREN STREET,
(Opposite Hudson River Railroad, New York.)

New York Purchasing Agency.

W. M. LAPSLEY, No. 25 Nassau Street.

Persons desirous of making purchases in New York of any articles, large or small, of use or luxury, from a Book to a Steam-Engine, a Shawl to a Carpet, can have their orders filled promptly, and goods sent as directed, at 5 per cent. commission charge. Refers to G. L. Sampson, Esq., Cashier Long Island Bank, Messrs. John Jewett & Sons, Hastings, Plimpton & Co., New York; J. D. Dameron & Co., New Orleans.

All Freights Forwarded with the Greatest Speed.

BY THE

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.'S LIGHTNING RUN.

Trains leave our Hudson Street Depot at 6.45 and 11.15 A.M.; 3.15, 4.30, and 5.10 P.M.

Freights forwarded on Express Passenger trains, and do not lie over or stop at any point.

The regular time by the Fast Run is

To Chicago	in 40 hours	To Dayton	in 30 hours
" Cincinnati	" 36 "	" St. Louis	" 2½ days
" Cleveland	" 24 "	" Louisville	" 2 "
" Columbus	" 32 "	" Indianapolis	in 34 hours

And OTHER WESTERN TOWNS in like good time.

Goods for points on Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers, Kansas, &c., will save time by shipping by our line.

Rates positively as low as any responsible Company.

WELLS, BUTTERFIELD & CO.,
64 Broadway and 61 Hudson St.

PACIFIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. OFFICE 111 BROADWAY.

MARINE AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Assets $880,000.

This Company continues to do an exclusive merchandise business, and has returned to its dealers, out of the profits of the year 1858, a dividend of *Forty-three per Cent.*—*Six per Cent.* interest on the outstanding scrip—and has redeemed the Certificates of the issue of 1856.

ALFRED EDWARDS, President.
WILLIAM LECONEY, Vice President.
BENJAMIN A. ONDERDONK, Secretary.

Agents Wanted

To obtain Subscribers for

LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1500 pages, and 1100 beautiful illustrations. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applicants should name the Counties they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

COCOAINE.

From the high respectability and great skill of Mr. Burnett as a chemist, we herald with pleasure the introduction of any thing coming from his hands. His celebrated toilet preparations have already extended his popularity from one part of the Union to the other; and one result of their excellence is that those who use them once are always sure to give them the preference as standard articles for the toilet. Aside from their elegance, they are believed to be positive specifics for the purposes for which they are recommended.—*Attleboro Gazette.*

Singer's Sewing Machines.

PRICES REDUCED to $50, $75, $110, and $125.

SINGER'S NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,

the price of which is only $50, is a light and elegantly decorated Machine, capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

SINGER'S TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE MACHINE,

to be sold at $75, is a Machine entirely new in its arrangement; it is very beautiful, moves rapidly and very easily, and, for family use and light manufacturing purposes, is the very best and cheapest Machine ever offered to the public.

SINGER'S No. 1 STANDARD SHUTTLE MACHINE,

formerly sold at $135, but now reduced to $110, is known all over the world. Every sort of work can be done with it.

SINGER'S No. 2 STANDARD SHUTTLE MACHINE.

This is the favorite manufacturing Machine every where. Price, with table complete, $125.

Send for a copy of *I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette*, which is a beautiful pictorial paper, entirely devoted to the subject. *It will be supplied gratis.*

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
458 Broadway, New York.

"THAT STANDARD MEDICINAL ARTICLE, the *Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam*, prepared by the well-known druggists, Messrs. *Reed, Cutler & Co.*, of this city, is, we have good authority for stating, one of the best remedies for *Coughs, Colds, and all Pulmonary Complaints*, ever offered to the public. *It has stood the best of all tests, time*, and has sustained its reputation for more than THIRTY YEARS.

Physicians of the highest respectability prescribe it, and *thousands of families* keep it on hand as *a standard family medicine.*—Boston Journal.

Inquire for the article by its WHOLE NAME,

"VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM."

Prepared only by REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, *Boston.* Price, large, $1; small, 50 cents.

BARNES & PARK, Agents, New York.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Cure Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Indigestion.
Cure Heart Burn, Heart Burn, Acidity, Acidity.
Cure Water Brash, Water Brash, Jaundice, Jaundice.
Cure Liver Complaint, Liver Complaint, Debility, Debility.
Cure Fever and Ague, Fever and Ague, Bilious Complaints.
Cure Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Nervousness.
Cure Flatulency, Neuralgia, Female Complaints.

This remedy is so well known, as the most remarkable and efficient remedy yet discovered for the above diseases, that it is altogether unnecessary to enlarge upon its merits.

S. W. FOWLE & CO., *Proprietors, Boston.*

Sold every where.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Who Invented the Sewing Machine?

Keep this fact in view when you purchase, that

A GOOD SEWING MACHINE

is an article much to be desired.

An inferior one is a pest, and is to be avoided.

THE HOWE MACHINES—THE ORIGINAL, Established in 1845—are for sale at No. 437 Broadway.

Prices—$50, $60, $70, $80, $100, $135, $150.

To Teachers.

My Correspondents are requested to address me, hereafter, to the "Care of HARPER & BROTHERS, New York City." School Catalogues and Circulars, Names and Post-Office Address of Schools, Educational Reports, &c., are solicited. MARCIUS WILLSON.

STATEN ISLAND

Fancy Dyeing Establishment.

Barrett Nephews & Co.,

Office, 5 and 7 John Street,
(2 doors from Broadway),
New York.

To Housekeepers!!!—To prevent your house from being entered by burglars, use the Patent Rotary Lock, which is universally admitted to be the most convenient as well as secure lock ever invented.

VALENTINE & BUTLER, No. 337 Broadway.

MAGNETIC Organization and Motive Power of the Human System, and its application to the cure of all Tuberculous Diseases, especially of the LUNGS and LIVER, by M. H. SHERWOOD, M. D. This scientific work will be sent free to all who address his Successor, at 61 Chambers St. New York, or L. D. FLEMING, M. D., Rochester, N. Y., with postage stamp.

Catarrh! Catarrh! Catarrh! Catarrh!!

What is it? How Cured?

Thousands of persons suffer all sorts of annoyance from Catarrh. Most people know what its inconvenience and results are, yet but few know how it can be cured. It is simply a chronic irritation, and often enlargement of follicles and consequent thickening of the mucous membrane, lining the nasal cavities, frontal sinuses, and posteriors nares, and sometimes extending into the throat and lungs. From this result tightness and often vertigo of the head, obstructed nose, or a profuse flow of mucus, loss of smell, nasal voice, and often impaired hearing and taste.

The old-school remedies have never been able to do any thing for it. Nasal injections and inhalations are as painful and expensive as they are generally worthless. Yet HUMPHREYS' CATARRH SPECIFIC, a simple *Sugar Pill*, taken two or three times per day, promptly cures the milder cases; cures at once all colds in the head, and radically cures, by persevering use, the most obstinate cases, as is proved by the experience of hundreds.

Price, with full directions,

Fifty Cents per Box.

N. B.—A full set of HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS, with book of Directions, and twenty different Remedies, in large vials, morocco case, $5; do., in plain case, $4. Family case of fifteen boxes and Book, $2.

These Remedies, by the single box or case, are sent by mail or express, free of charge, to any address, on receipt of the price. Address

DR. F. HUMPHREYS & CO.,
No. 562 Broadway, New York.

Sold by all Druggists.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 20 to 50 pages—and from one third to one half—more reading than any other in the country.

Close of the Eighteenth Volume.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR MAY.

The Publishers believe that the Eighteen Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE now issued contain a larger amount of valuable and attractive reading than will be found in any other periodical of the day.

Each Number has contained a part of THACKERAY'S "Virginians," printed from copy furnished by the Author in advance of its publication in London, for which he receives a liberal compensation. With this exception, and that of CHARLES LAMB'S heretofore unpublished Tale, "Cupid's Revenge," every article in this volume is ORIGINAL, written by an American author, for HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

At no period since the commencement of the Magazine have its literary and artistic resources been more ample and varied; and the Publishers refer to the contents of the Periodical for the past as the best guarantee for its future claims upon the patronage of the American public.

From TRÜBNER'S *Guide to American Literature, London*, 1859.

"We must refer in terms of eulogy to the high tone and varied excellences of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, a journal with a monthly circulation of about 170,000 copies, in whose pages are to be found some of the choicest light and general reading of the day. We speak of this work as an evidence of the American people, and the popularity it has acquired is merited. Each Number contains fully 144 pages of instructive matter, appropriately illustrated with good wood-cuts; and it combines in itself the racy monthly and the more philosophical quarterly, blended with the best features of the daily journal. It has great power in the creation and dissemination of a love of pure literature."

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office *where it is received.* The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 50 A YEAR.

The Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that they have purchased from the Author for Five Thousand Dollars, the early proof-sheets of MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S New Serial, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," Splendidly Illustrated by MCLENAN, the publication of which was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

The Publishers also take pleasure in announcing that they have commenced the publication of an Illustrated Serial Tale of American Life, entitled "TRUMPS," by GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS, Author of "The Potiphar Papers," "Nile Notes of a Howadji," &c. The first Number appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY for April 9.

As HARPER'S WEEKLY is electrotyped, the back Numbers are being constantly reprinted and may be obtained at any time.

A perusal of HARPER'S WEEKLY will keep persons living in the country THOROUGHLY POSTED on the news of the day. No other publication gives SO MUCH AND SO CHOICE MATTER, or so fully illustrated a history of the times in which we live. More money is paid to AMERICAN ARTISTS AND ENGRAVERS for illustrating this publication than for illustrating any other paper in the United States. This is the CHEAPEST AND BEST family illustrated newspaper in the country. To advertisers we need only observe that advertisements in this journal, at fifty cents a line, are cheaper and more effective—because THEY MEET THE EYE OF MORE PEOPLE throughout the country, from North to South—than advertisements in any other publication.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year . . .	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

⁂ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their house, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.